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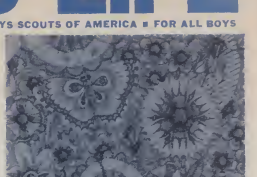
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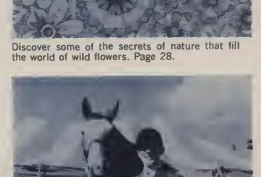
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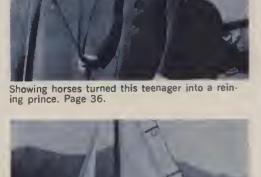
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NATURE

The whooping cranes of Aransas, Tex., are a vanishing species, unless we all pitch in to help them.

Long before man's appearance on the North American continent, the whooping crane was a king among birds. Today only 50 of these magnificent creatures survive. For how long depends entirely on human attitude and interest. If in his relentless rush to consume wild lands, drain marshes and plunder nature, man will pause long enough to set aside living room for our wildlife, then the whooping cranes and other dying species—California condor, ivory-billed woodpecker, Everglade kite and many more—may survive for the enjoyment of future generations.

Americans and Canadians along the whooping crane's 2,500-mile flyway—from the Texas Gulf Coast to the Northwest territories—are cooperating in the slow but steady effort to save these beautiful birds. Creation of a winter refuge in 1937 by the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service was the first step in one of the biggest conservation efforts in history. Now, each year, as autumn turns to winter, the remaining whoopers complete their long migration from Canada to the 74-square-mile Aransas Wildlife Refuge on the Gulf of Mexico in Texas.

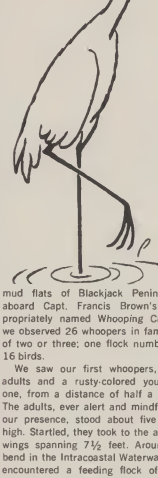
Eight years after the winter refuge was established, in 1945, the Whooping Crane Project was set up in cooperation with the National Audubon Society. The purpose of the project was to do everything possible to save the few remaining cranes from extinction by convincing the public not to shoot or harm them during their migration across Saskatchewan, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas.

Establishing winter and summer refuges was essential if the cranes were to be preserved. But it was as though these birds disappeared to another planet on their northern spring migration. After half a century no human had yet seen their Canadian nesting grounds. Naturalists and scientists—including Ernest Thompson Seton, one of the founders of the Boy Scouts of America—searched in vain.

Finally, in 1954, a forester flying by helicopter to a fire in a remote area of Wood Buffalo National Park in the Northwest Territories spotted a family of whooping cranes. Was it instinct or pure luck that caused these birds to select a protected national park as their nesting ground?

And so, gradually, a noble effort is paying off. Migration losses have been reduced to a minimum. A crane census is conducted at Aransas each April, and the present population, excluding a few zoo birds, has grown from a 1942 low of 15 to 50 birds during the winter of 1969.

This past winter I visited the winter feeding grounds of the whooping crane. Here on the wild and desolate



mud flats of Blackjack Peninsula, aboard Capt. Francis Brown's appropriately named *Whooping Crane*, we observed 26 whoopers in families of two or three; one flock numbered 16 birds.

We saw our first whoopers, two adults and a rusty-colored younger one, from a distance of half a mile. The adults, ever alert and mindful of our presence, stood about five feet high. Startled, they took to the air on wings spanning 7½ feet. Around a bend in the Intracoastal Waterway we encountered a feeding flock of 16. Although the cranes establish exclusive feeding rights to about 400 acres, they often flock together in open territory. This large flock was busy preening in the sun and feeding on fishes, crabs and mud shrimps.

Plying the channel, we passed other shore and water birds by the thousands, including the beautiful roseate spoonbill, a once vanishing species which is now making a comeback as a result of intelligent conservation practices. A hundred sandhill cranes flew high overhead, and the uncommon caracara, national bird of Mexico, soared on an air current, sharp eyes alert for an animal carcass. Few refuges shelter a wider variety of species than are found in Aransas. On the shore, beyond our view, wild turkeys, dating back to the Spanish conquistadores, roam the forest edge. Armadillos search the area for food, and the collared peccary, the only pig-like animal native to America, roots for food.

"If we're lucky we'll see some dancing cranes," Captain Brown remarked. No sooner said than done. "There they are, jumping like mad." Captain Brown hove to, and for several minutes we watched a pair performing the most fantastic gyrations imaginable. These mating dances go on for several weeks before the cranes migrate north. For all their great size, these birds perform as gracefully as ballet dancers.

I was reminded of a square-dance sashay as the male approached his mate, raised his wings over his back and bowed to the ground. The next thing I knew, he jumped several feet in the air and executed a half turn before landing. Then both birds began jumping with excitement, bills pointed straight up, wings flapping, water flying. It was mating season.

Captain Brown motioned me to focus my binoculars on an oil tanker ahead in the channel. "I'll give the cranes just a few more years if something isn't done about the oil being pumped into these waters." An oil barge was cleaning its tanks into the channel. We were plying waters covered by a mile-long oil slick. "These oil companies just don't care," said Captain Brown.

And that is the sad story for too many of our vanishing species—people "just don't care." With all that's been done to save these creatures from extinction, it still isn't enough. Not until millions more of us support those organizations dedicated to preserving our natural resources; not until every concerned American pleads with politicians and industry . . . only then will our vanishing species survive.

What can you do? You can participate in Scout conservation projects or become a member of a Junior Audubon Club. A letter to the National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y., 10028, will bring details on these clubs and tell you how to join. You can start trying to convince friends and parents to support conservation organizations, and to let elected officials know that part of their responsibility to their countrymen is to protect our natural environment and resources. The future of our wildlife rests in our own hands. ■

—OLIVER S. JOHNSON

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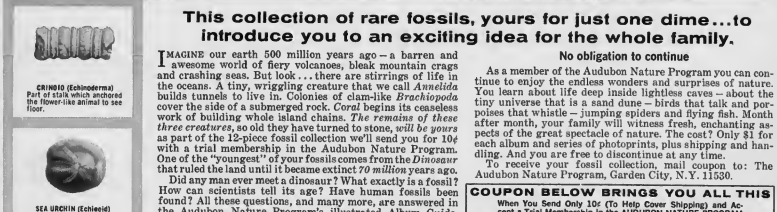


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CRINOID (Echinoderm)
Part of stalk which anchored the flower-like animal to sea floor.

SEA URCHIN (Echieoid)
defended itself with movable spines attached to its shell.

SNAIL (Gastropod)
used its stomach as "foot" to move about in search of food.

BRYOZOA (Moss Animal)
Fossil is part of a "colony" shared by 1,000's of the tiny creatures.

CLAM (Pelecypod)
This fossil is related to present-day mussels, oysters, scallops.

LAMPSHELL (Brachiopoda)
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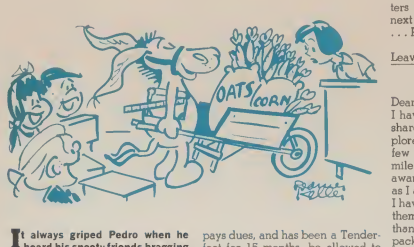
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PLACE DIME HERE
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4. TUCK IN FLAP... THEN CLOSE COUPON



It always griped Pedro when he heard his snooty friends bragging about their alma maters—especially since he was a low-school dropout.

So off he went to grammar school to take up where he left off, wheelbarreling his lunch snack of oats and corn into the classroom.

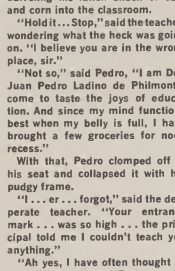
"Hold it . . . Stop," said the teacher, wondering what the heck was going on. "I believe you are in the wrong place, sir."

"Not so," said Pedro, "I am Don Juan Pedro Ladino de Philmonte, come to taste the joys of education. And since my mind functions best when my belly is full, I have brought a few groceries for noon recess."

With that, Pedro clomped off to his seat and collapsed it with his pudgy frame.

"I . . . er . . . forgot," said the desperate teacher. "Your entrance mark . . . was so high . . . the principal told me I couldn't teach you anything."

"Ah yes, I have often thought as much," said pleased Pedro, as he ambled off to the office to pick up his diploma—suitable, he hoped, for framing. ꝏ



Dear Jackass, buck-toothed, long eared, over-paid four-footed hayburner:

My troop has just had a patrol contest and my patrol won a trip to Washington, D.C. My question is: Should a boy in our patrol who comes to half the meetings, never pays dues, and has been a Tenderfoot for 15 months, be allowed to come on this trip? . . . Thomas Simmon, Levittown, Pa.

P.S. Your groovy mag is my bag.

Sure. But leave him there. ꝏ

Dear Hee-Haw:

I have a problem. Some members in the troop say that at our indoor troop meetings we should wear our Boy Scout hats because they say that we are out of uniform unless we wear the whole uniform, including the hat.

Other members say that we should not wear hats because of manners; men do not wear hats in buildings. Could you please straighten out this mess for me. Thank you . . . John A. Devine, St. James, N.Y.

Take the hats off indoors. They just sit there doing nothing anyway. ꝏ

Dear Pedro:

In the June issue I saw a boy write in and ask about sending jokes in envelopes and you answered by saying to send them in on postcards. What if you live in a town where they do not carry postcards? So if your town doesn't carry postcards, could you send them in an envelope? Please answer me even if you do not print this letter. BOYS' LIFE is a groovy mag!!! . . . Sincerely, Bob Bender, Newman, Ill.

Tell that postmaster to get on the stick. Looks to me like everything's not up to date in Newman, Ill. ꝏ

Dear Pedro:

I have a problem. I love B.L. and I like to read it as soon as I get it, but I can't. Usually I'm off playing somewhere when it comes and when that happens my five sisters grab it, and I never know what they've done with it. One month I waited for it all the way into the next month and found out my sisters had it. Three days later the next issue came. What can I do? . . . Peter King, Annandale, Va.

Leave home. You're outnumbered. ꝏ

Dear Pedro:

I have a gripe, which, I'm sure, is shared by many Scouts and Explorers who have earned quite a few merit-type awards like fifty-mile hike, mile swim, historic trails award, etc. My complaint is that as I am very proud of extra awards I have earned. I would like to show them off in ways more noticeable than badges on a swimsuit or a pack.

Here is my suggestion to remedy this problem. Why couldn't the B.S.A. adopt a system of displaying awards, similar to the campaign ribbons of the Armed Forces? There could be different badges for different awards and would be the same shape and size as the Eagle Square Knot badge. They could be placed in the area above the left pocket of the uniform shirt.

Using this system, a lot of Scouts would display their other awards without having to carry around their swimsuit or backpack. Thanks for listening . . . Bryan Oliver, Fort Leavenworth, Kans.

I understand your feeling, Bryan. You earned those awards and you're proud enough of them to show them off. But I don't buy the idea of decking out your uniform like a billboard. ꝏ

Dear Over-Paid, underworked (?) Lopeared, Hayburner, King:

I think that BOYS' LIFE is a great mag. I read your page, then the Cartoon Bug, but yours is best. Now down to the nitty-gritty. I am a Second Class Scout and my Scoutmaster says that a Second Class Scout can wear a merit-badge sash and merit badges. Is this true? A million thanks Oh great one of great ones . . . Your friend, Barry Brown, Medford, Oreg.

It's true. Second Class Scouts can earn a number of merit badges if the troop committee says OK. The *Boy Scout Handbook* tells you the ones you can earn. ꝏ

Dear Pedro:

I am an Explorer Scout. I just got my Eagle and I have a problem. What badge should I wear on my Explorer uniform? As you know, the Explorer emblem is on the pocket where the badge would go on a Boy Scout uniform. Thanks . . . Art Davis, El Cerrito, Calif.

You wear the embroidered Eagle square knot centered above the left pocket. ꝏ

Dear Hairy One:

I was reading Pee Wee Harris in June '69 BOYS' LIFE, and his special guest star in the strip, Quentin Quote, said that "The Call of the Wild" was written by Robert Service. To correct the author "The Call of the Wild" was written by Jack London . . . Sincerely, Todd Schmitt, North Bergen, N.J.

P.S. I think BOYS' LIFE is fab.

Jack London wrote the book; Service, the poem. So old Quentin Quote quoth correctly. ꝏ

Dear Pedro:

My time is of the essence so I will be brief. Known to my fellow students as "Professor," I have decided to lend my scholarly education to you in the form of an idea.

I have read in earlier issues of BOYS' LIFE that boo-boo catchers bug you. The solution? You make the boo-boos yourself, on purpose. Misspell a few words, put three or four pictures in backwards and tell all the Scouts to start looking. Have a column titled "Eagleyes," listing the names of the boys who found all the errors in that magazine. Give them a prize ($1.00). If the errors are put in the places least read by the subscribers (namely, the advertisements), the mag would be read with a fine-toothed comb . . . Gary Russell, Paris, Tex.

I say no. Every boo-boo is a black eye for *Boys' Life*—and that's that. ꝏ

Dear Pedro:

Our patrol is called the Liberty Patrol. We have thought of several patrol calls such as: yelling John Hancock or yelling Ding Dong (referring to the Liberty Bell). However, none of these were too good. Could you suggest a call? Thank you.

P.S. Your mag is the most . . . Sincerely, Dave White, Durand, Mich.

I agree that your efforts leave something to be desired. Yelling John Hancock could sound like you're selling insurance. And calling our Liberty Bell a Ding Dong doesn't stir me. How about yelling: Born free/as free as the wind blows—then going whissh. That'd get across the notion of freedom and liberty, no? ꝏ

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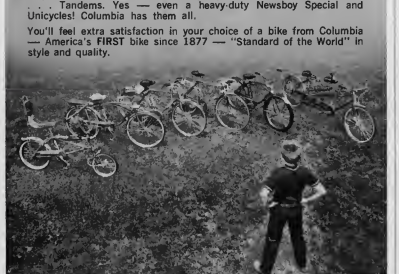


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SPORTS

Yankee Manager Houk says that speed alone is not enough in running bases.



The history of sports is studded with stories of men who overcame physical handicaps to go on to greatness. Glenn Cunningham, in track; Ben Hogan, in golf. I personally witnessed a model example of how overall development helped an athlete overcome a physical problem in the baseball career of Mickey Mantle. Here was a boy who had really bad legs but who, from the waist up, had a tremendously developed body—and heart. If his legs had been as healthy as the rest of him, there's no way of predicting how much greater he would have been.

You can look and find some professional athletes who don't follow the rules of a healthy mind in a healthy body, but I wouldn't recommend you follow their examples. Consider, instead, such players as Ted Williams and Ty Cobb, who dedicated themselves to the game and established self-disciplines that made them giants in their sport.

Any boy interested in developing as an athlete must remember that building up his wind—breathing depth—is very important. This is one of the main reasons why most high-school and college coaches won't let their athletes smoke. It's certainly hard on your lungs, and can cause cancer and emphysema.

Health is important. You must eat well and get plenty of rest. Accidents to athletes most often happen when they have pushed themselves beyond their physical or mental stopping point.

Fathers and coaches always ask me how boys of eight, nine and ten can sharpen their skills at stealing and sliding. These improvements come with practice, as I've said in previous columns. I would teach a boy in that age group mainly to learn to hit the dirt. Have someone who knows show him how to slide on one side. And teach him how to slide directly into the base, on whichever side comes most naturally to him. Another thing to stress: "Don't slide on your hands. Keep those hands up when you slide." Right now we have professional players in the major leagues who never got out of the habit of sliding on their hands, and they are always in danger of spraining their wrists or breaking a bone. Joe Pepitone, on the Yankees, does this sometimes, and as a result has had to play with sprained wrists.

One more thing to practice is sliding with your heels off the ground and sliding on the lower part of your leg. Otherwise, you can end up with a bad sprain or even a broken ankle.

Success in base stealing is also a matter of practice. The first essential is learning to take the proper lead off any base. Of course, learning to get a fast start gives you an added advantage; this is something your baseball or track coach can help you with. Most ballplayers get a faster start by crossing their left legs over their right legs; that is, pivoting on the right leg to get a good jump and move into stride right away. That's the way we teach the average athlete to do it, although we won't tamper with a man who gets good results another way.

In some younger leagues, a runner isn't allowed to leave the base until the ball is thrown. In those cases, it's a matter of stealing on the catcher, and it's a duel between your speed and the catcher's alertness and accuracy. If you're playing by major-league rules, though, most of your stealing is done off the pitcher. You study his moves and know when he's going to throw home. Just remember, the pitcher is developing *his* moves too, so that a runner won't be able to predict whether he's going to pitch to the batter or try to pick off the runner. In professional baseball, the smart runners study the pitchers closely, so much so that they keep a book describing the little actions that indicate what a pitcher is going to do. That's something any smart young ballplayer can practice every game—making a mental or written note about the particular moves and gestures each pitcher makes in a game.

As the young ballplayer gets a little older, he can learn the hook slide from either side. Then, as I've said, it's just a matter of practice.

So, keep practicing and playing and enjoying the game. I'll see you next month. ■

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SCOUTING TIPS

OPERATION CHECKMATE



Andy chops at lodgepole. *Water from dam will spill over and irrigate parched land.* *I show Elliott (l.) cone.*

By STEVE McWILLIAMS as told to GENE BELEY

Kicking up a low-lying brown cloud of dust all around us, we caravaned into California's Sierra National Forest on a winding road. We reached the road's end through mountain villages and found ourselves at about 6,200 feet elevation. Our plan—to lunge into action against the lodgepole pine. For like advancing pawns on a chessboard, the lodgepole can sweep a field and wreak destruction by crowding out everything but lodgepole pines. We had to checkmate the intrusion of the tree into the McCreary Meadow.

I'm Steve McWilliams, Beaver Patrol leader of Troop 50, Fresno, Calif. In 1962 Explorer Post 50 devised Operation Checkmate, and our troop is continuing it. I thought other Scouts might get more interested in conservation if I'd tell them about the real woodchopper's ball we have on these outings. It's an opportunity to earn Conservation of Natural Resources, Forestry and other merit badges, and both our Explorer Post and Troop 50 have received the William T. Hornaday Award for Operation Checkmate.

Why pursue the lodgepole? When the pine reproduces, the trees grow so close together that they block out the sun. Shading kills vegetation around the trees. Forage for wildlife is lost.

Lodgepole cones, the seed bearers, are one to two inches long and tilt back toward the trunk. Wind blows the seeds into the meadowland, and as each tree grows to maturity, its roots soak up the underground moisture. This in itself could change a lush meadow into a desert inhabited by nothing but lodgepole pines.

ALL AXES ARE COVERED with the leather sheaths," Scoutmaster Matthews told us Beaver Patrol members when we reached the meadow. "When you take the sheath off the ax, put the sheath into your pocket. . ."

"Remember," he continued, "cut the lower limbs about three feet up from the base, then chop down the tree. And when you lop off the branches from the downed tree, stand on one side and cut off branches from the other side. These axes are sharp, and they'll cut deep! Last, lop off the branches by cutting toward the top of the tree."

So we went after the smaller lodgepole pines inside the meadow, and afterward we worked toward the older lodgepoles—some as high as 100 feet. My friend, Bob Spickard, chopped away at one of those giant pines for 45 minutes while the rest of us worked farther down the meadow. We paused to watch Bob's triumph when we heard him yell, "Timberrrr!" There was a crackling, swishing and—"Wham!" The tree's crown hit the earth.

Once Bob's tree crashed to the ground and his triumphant shout quit echoing, we refreshed ourselves with a drink from a mountain spring. Then it was back to work felling more trees, cutting them into three- or four-foot lengths and piling them into stacks. Some we used for rebuilding eroded stream banks; other cast-off poles go to foresters to build fences. We leave the remaining lengths for burning during a season when the forest-fire danger is low.

Building dams retards the water flowing along the meadow edge enough to make it spill over into the meadow, so we got ready to build a dam in our drinking stream. Often the grass is already turning brown because the lodgepole roots are absorbing all the moisture. Usually a dry, brown meadow starts to turn green just a few days after our primitive irrigation system starts working.

For the dam we pounded two pointed logs into the stream bed with a ten-pound metal sledgehammer and placed a log across the stream on the upstream side of these vertical poles. Then we formed a relay team to deposit rocks over the cross-stream log. On top of the rocks we packed pine boughs and mud dug from the banks.

I asked Frank Dufour from the Department of Agriculture what he thought about Operation Checkmate. "A real worthwhile project," he told me. "It's helping us hold our meadows where they are. The government doesn't have the funds to do the job itself. You Scouts are doing a Good Turn by helping us. It's hard to put a monetary value on meadow conservation."

Mr. Dufour is right. How can anyone put a cash value on the beauty of these Sierra meadows? We feel we're helping to preserve the meadows for livestock grazing and for camping and hiking.

We finished our weekend's installment of Operation Checkmate with 35 trees removed and one dam built by our Beaver Patrol. David Bingaman joked about his log-splittin' headache, but even he had fun. And my brother Andy and Elliott Marshall began thinking about a career in the forestry service.

"It hasn't made me decide definitely to go into forestry, but if I do, Operation Checkmate will have helped me make up my mind," Andy told me on the way home.

Scouts who work on Operation Checkmate earn a large, round patch showing green mountains and the sun shining on our meadows. We'd like to keep the Sierra Mountains just like the scene in that patch. Checkmate helps us do that. ■



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I am interested in falcons and falconry. Please tell me where I can get information on this subject.—Paul Davis, Copake, N. Y.

I would like to know where I can get some information on the growing sporte of falconry or hawking.—Klaus Wessels, LaGrangeville, N. Y.

• We haven't been able to locate much info on the subject, but here are five books that should help you get started: Falcons and Falconry, by F. Illingworth ($3.95, London Houee & Maxwell, Inc., Dept. BL, 122 E. 55th St., New York, N. Y. 10022); Art and Sport of Falconry, by G. Kotsiopoulos ($5, Argonaut, Inc., Dept. BL, 737 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611); Art and Practice of Hawking, by E. Mitchell ($6.50), Manual of Falconry, by M. Woodford ($7) and Falconry for You, by H. Evans ($4.50, all published by Charles T. Branford Co., Dept. BL, 28 Union St., Newton Center, Mass. 02159).

For a quick way to tie a boat to a dock, try thie. Attach a snap hook (the size depends upon the diameter of the rope) to one end of the line. When you are docking, slip the rope around a pile or cleat and snap the hook over the rope to make a loop.—$5 to Mike Day, Galena, Md.

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I am interested in chemistry and would like to know where I can buy chemicals and apparatus for my home lab.—Joe Patterson, Crestwood, Mo.

• We presume you have a starting chemistry set. If not, look into those available at your local hobby shop or department store that sells toys and hobby supplies. Or try Porter-Spear Co., Dept. BL, P.O. Box 930, Hagerstown, Md. 21740. These firms handle chemicals and chemical apparatus and have catalogs available for a nominal fee: Sheard Science Supplies, Inc., Dept. BL, Columbus, Wis. 53925, handles chemicals, apparatus, microscopes and biological supplies. 1969 catalog—35 cents. Biological Supply Co., 1176 Mt. Hope Ave., Rochester, N. Y. 14620, supplies chemicals and apparatus for industrial, analytical and private laboratories. Catalog 25 cents. Caseco, Dept. BL, Box 77. Riverdale, N. J. 07457, carries chemical supplies, including lapidary supplies, the Chemical Formulary Series, mineralogical and chemical dictionaries, as well as other scientific books. Complete list is 25 cents. Hagnow Laboratories, Dept. BL, Manitowoc, Wis. 54220, supplies economically priced laboratory supplies. Catalog 25 cents. They also have a science fair booklet giving experiments, information and suggestions for $1.

I am interested in biochemistry. Where can I get some information on this subject?—Clay Kruse, Calvert, Tex.

• Here are three books with a lot of information: Chemicals of Life, by I. Asimov ($4, Abelard-Schuman, Ltd., Dept. BL, 6 W. 57th St., New York, N.Y. 10019); From Cell to Test Tube, by R. Chambers and A. Payne ($3.50, Charles Scribner's Sone, address given before).

When sewing beadwork designs directly on your Indian garments, such as belts or soccasine, draw the design first on thin paper. Then clip the paper in position on the materials with a paper clip. Sew right through the paper, following your design. When finished, simply tear away the paper.—$5 to Robert Roberts, Taunton, Mass.

It's an old trick, but chewing gum can be used for temporary repairs on a leaking aluminum canoe or boat. After you've chewed the gum well, work it into the leaking spot from the outside and let it harden.—$5 to Timmy Day, Rockfall, Conn.

A spring clothespin mounted on a flat board makes a handy clamp for holding parts of model airplanes or cars while painting them. Juet clip the part into the clothespin and paint away.—$5 to Karl Schnabel, W. Simsbury, Conn. ■

—GLENN WAGNER

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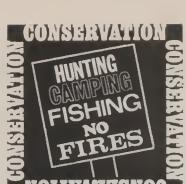
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Fire in the woods is no disaster—when it's planned and controlled by forestry experts.

One day, above a sparkling lake in northern Minnesota, I was admiring the big crop of blueberries in an old burned-out area. The fire must have gone through there 20 years ago by the looks of things.

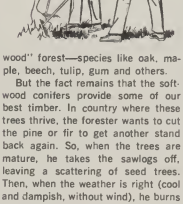
Well, now, I thought, look at all those berries. It took a fire to open up the woods and bring them there. And then came the shrubs for deer browse, ground cover for rabbits, weeds and grass with insects for young grouse, dusting places and popples for the birds. In the long run, I thought, the fire that burned out this patch was a "good" one. Today most fires mean trouble, but there are plenty of exceptions.

Before the coming of white settlers, forest fires—started by lightning—made openings in the heavy growth. There were forests everywhere and the fires were not disasters as they are now. Nowadays most of the big timber is gone and we can't afford to waste a stick of it. But controlled fires, under professional management, are useful aids to wildlife and helpful to the culture of certain kinds of trees.

In one recent year in Wisconsin, a greater acreage was burned on purpose than was lost from "wild fire." Some of the burning was done to create better hunting grounds on sites too poor to grow good timber.

Other burnings were to encourage big timber growth. If you could fly over forested country of the Lake States, New England, the Atlantic Coast, the Rockies, or the Pacific Coast, you could see many areas with solid green patches of needle-leaved "evergreens." These cone-bearing trees are a "fire type." Their closed stands of greenery are a map of gone-wild fires of earlier times. After the land was laid bare by a burn, it was sprinkled with wind-drifted seed from trees that survived on edges and protected sites. Seedling conifers sprang up thickly to shade out the competition. Then they grew into a solid stand. The pines of many regions got started this way, and so did Douglas fir over a lot of western country.

These conifers can't reproduce in their own shade; they need sunlight and bare soil. But plenty of broad-leaved trees are tolerant of shade. When there are no fires, they move in on the pines, which grow old, disappear, and are replaced by a "hardwood" forest—species like oak, maple, beech, tulip, gum and others.



But the fact remains that the soft-wood conifers provide some of our best timber. In country where these trees thrive, the forester wants to cut the pine or fir to get another stand back again. So, when the trees are mature, he takes the sawlogs off, leaving a scattering of seed trees. Then, when the weather is right (cool and dampish, without wind), he burns the slash. This cleans up the ground litter and kills shrub competition. The cones of seed trees open and the winged seeds sail out over the opening; another crop of two-by-fours is on the way.

Now, I don't have to tell you that in the Midwest and East we have forests of hardwoods that give us our flooring, veneer and fine cabinet woods. These trees need a long time to grow, under full protection from fire, cows and other hazards. Fire has no place in such woodlands. Unfortunately, in the Ozarks of Missouri and Arkansas, and in the southern Appalachians, people have been burning "for pasture" for a hundred years or so. This is natural timber country, but it will never produce well until the short-sighted burning is stopped.

One of the purposes of controlled burning is to protect against wild fires. Take the situation in California's ponderosa pine and mixed conifer stands, which probably covered about 18 million acres when the Spaniards arrived. At that time the forests were open, with little more than grass between the trees. Every year or so the grass burned off in a light ground fire that kept out brush and the seedlings of shade-tolerant trees.

Today, after 60 years or more of fire protection, litter has collected on the ground (it doesn't rot quickly in the dry climate), and a thick ground cover of shrubs and small trees has come up. A lightning strike or a careless match can touch it off in dry weather and—*whoosh*!—up into the crown goes the fire, and it roars away over the hills in a whirlwind of flame that can't be stopped. Of course, the way to get rid of all the ground cover and kindling is a gentle burning in weather when fire can be controlled.

I well remember my first exposure to the facts on fire. I was with Walter Rosene, a biologist who has learned plenty about quail management in years of researching. We were driving down a one-track auto trail through a scattered stand of tall pines on an Alabama "plantation." The ground was black from a recent winter burn. Clumps of young pines, from seedlings up to pole size, were well scorched.

"What a shame," I remarked. "The quail won't have any nesting cover this spring and a lot of trees have been killed."

Rosene stopped the car. "That's the way it looks right now," he said, "but with more sunlight, grass and weeds will come back in fast. The young trees needed thinning and the bigger ones are resistant to a small fire. They'll come out of it fine.

"Actually," he went on, "the brush was getting too thick here for quail, and now we'll have a good growth of food plants like partridge pea, beggarweed and the lespedezas. In some of these old cotton lands the best crops are timber and quail. When you know how to burn, you can keep them both coming."

Since then I have learned that nowhere in the country is the art of burning for both forestry and wildlife management better understood than in those southeastern states. It's so well established that you no longer hear any arguments about whether to burn. The questions discussed at forestry conferences concern when and how to burn. ◘

—DURWARD ALLEN



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3. Isopropanol clears oil out of pores and keeps them from plugging up and forming blackheads. (Also helps to dry up any blemishes you have now.)



SCOUTCRAFT

The expert hiker's bag is a well-planned home on his back.

To the outdoorsman his home away from home is the pack he carries upon his back. And the success of any camping trip—whether an overnighter or a week's wilderness jaunt—depends on what's in the pack. The real secret of comfortable camping often comes down to the care with which a bag is packed.

Baloney! a Tenderfoot is likely to think. *Packing can't be all that important. I can toss my stuff together in five minutes.*

Anyone can pack quickly. But packing involves more than the physical act of putting gear into a bag. Planning what to take far in advance of the outing will make the actual packing easier. And this planning will guarantee proper food, shelter and clothing at the campsite.

An overnight camp with a Scouting friend does not present the problems that a patrol overnight will generate. Problems mount rapidly when the number of camping days and campers is increased. For the purposes of discussion, let's assume that your patrol is planning to camp three days and two nights and will hike five miles to a campsite. You are the patrol leader and the patrol never before has planned this type of outing. What do you do?

Have all the patrol members make a personal list of gear, including bedding, clothing, eating utensils and anything else each one wants to take. Then jot down a rough list of patrol gear needed: tents, cooking utensils and food are the principal items. But, don't forget a first-aid kit. And do you take an ax or bow saw to make woodcutting chores easier? Discuss the lists at a patrol meeting several weeks in advance of the hike.

"OK, fellows," you tell them. "We'll take our four overnighter tents, as usual. These weigh about seven pounds each—a total of 28. There are seven of us—and Mr. Jones is going along—so that takes care of the tents."

The patrol decides it wants to carry two pounds of food per day per man—another 48 pounds. Including the cooking utensils, the other patrol gear weighs about ten pounds. Altogether the estimated weight of patrol gear is 86 pounds.

"What this means," you explain, "is that each man will have to carry roughly 11 pounds of patrol gear. The rest of the space in your packs is for your personal gear."

The idea in backpacking is to go as light as possible. By the time each patrol member adds his sleeping bag or blankets, his personal clothing and toilet articles, the weight mounts up. Most healthy Scouts can carry at least 20 percent of their own weight. Even so, no one should take more personal gear than is absolutely necessary.

The Scouts start paring their lists of personal gear. A food committee is appointed. Its first task is to visit a supermarket and note weights of the various foods available. The assistant patrol leader talks about packing, stressing how important it is to waterproof most gear in plastic bags.



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The following week the food committee reports that many good lightweight foods are to be found in the supermarket—beef Stroganoff, for example. The committee's suggested menu is approved, and the committee agrees to pack the food for carrying. The assistant patrol leader shows off the new, bright-red Skyline Pack which he got for his birthday.

"It's waterproof nylon," the APL says. "I could carry my gear without wrapping everything in plastic bags. But everything has to be bagged anyhow, so I'll just be doubly safe."

Well, almost everything should be bagged, for two reasons. All gear wrapped in plastic bags is waterproofed. And related items—socks, shirts, trousers and underwear, for example—can be grouped together in a single bag. Quite often what a hiker ends up with is a bag of bags—a lot of small bags packed into a big bag (the pack). Clear plastic bags are best: You can see through them.

Each individual should make a master list of his personal gear. The patrol leader or his assistant should have a master list of patrol gear. And the head of the food committee should have a master list of the food. The food, by the way, is also packed in bags. Even food that originally came in a box, such as pancake flour, should be repacked in bags or some other type of plastic container. Repacking of food allows the committee to take only the amount of pancake flour needed for one breakfast. If pancakes will be cooked for a second breakfast, flour should be packaged separately.

The food committee will end up with several large bags—each filled with smaller bags of food—and the number of large bags depends on the number of meals. Each individual bag of food should have a card that tells what is in the bag and instructions for cooking. Sounds silly—until you've tried to make pancakes from batter with too much water.

The patrol leader should call a special meeting the day before shoving off. Everyone comes with all his personal gear. The patrol gear, including the food, is on hand. This final meeting is to pack the gear, making sure again that everyone has what he needs. Each Scout lays out his personal gear beside his pack, adding in his share of patrol gear.

Since each pack has its own peculiarities, the exact manner in which the bagged gear goes into a pack is dictated somewhat by the design of the bag. But some basics always apply. The bags should be packed so that the heaviest load will be high in the pack and as close as possible to the body. Soft items—maybe a blanket or folded sleeping bag—go against the back. Frequently used items should go on top of the pack or in outside pockets: the first-aid kit, flashlight and poncho. Generally speaking, bulkier items that are light should go in the bottom of a pack. Food bags should go near the top. Tents should be rolled and tied in a horse shoe over the pack. Sleeping bags, if you have a pack frame, can go over or under the pack.

As patrol gear and food bags are assigned, the Scout in charge of those master lists should note who has what. Example: Saturday lunch—Jim Jones.

Once the packing is completed, each pack should be weighed. If any gear is to be shifted, the change should come before getting on the trail. Even with all the elaborate planning, chances are someone will take something he will regret carrying. But that's OK. He'll know better next time. ■

—DICK PRYCE





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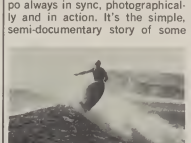
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making the scene:

MOVIES & TV

THE FANTASTIC PLASTIC MACHINE (Crown-International). Surfing buffs or others who love sports or the sea will find this more than a sports film, highly contemporary, with "the beat" always in the background, and the pace an unremitting and fast tempo always in sync, photographically and in action. It's the simple, semi-documentary story of some



Aussie champs explore the mystique of surfing.

Americans who went to Australia, hot to match their skill and their boards with the Aussies who had beaten them last year. It delves into questions of "why" as well as "how," mainly through the experiences of a couple of Aussie champions who have given up competition and seek the deeper meaning of the surfing experience. Seascapes and landscapes are terrific, but the latter are too hurried. Non-surfers may find the surfing sequences repetitious. (G—General Audience classification.)

. . . BEN HUR (MGM). This super giant movie, made ten years ago and now in rerelease, remains a great spectacle of Biblical times, dramatizing the friendship and conflict of a Jewish prince and his Roman friend, and highlighted by a tremendous chariot race. It is still exciting, but without great depth.

SCOUTING

The largest group of Americans ever to attend a jamboree outside continental North America were the 264 American Scouts and Scouters from the Far East Council who went to the Fourth Philippine National Jamboree last May. The Far East Council theme was "The American Indian," and members of the Order of the Arrow made a big hit with their Indian dances. Scouts Kevin McFall and Les Goo, especially, kept their audiences spellbound with each performance of the knife dance.

Eleven countries were represented at the Philippine jamboree, including Australia, Israel and Pakistan, as well as Far Eastern nations.

. . . Meanwhile—in another part of the world—Canal Zone Explorers did a mini Thor Hyerdahl bit by paddling dugout canoes called cayucos from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. But they took a short route, of course, across the Isthmus of Panama. They passed through most of the Canal's big locks, and made one portage to reach the western ocean in record time.

. . . In neighboring Nicaragua an international Good Turn took place. When the Nicaraguan Boy Scout Association sent out a call for "Cleanup and Paint," Troop 33, Union Church, Managua, consisting of boys of the American community, joined forces with the Nicaraguans. Their assignment was to clear the 20-foot Scout monument in Simón Bolívar Park, which was almost hidden by an overgrown banyan tree. After conquering the banyan tree they painted the memorial pedestal. A nice windup to the project was a visit from the President of Nicaragua, who is also Scout Honorary President.

etc. etc. etc. etc. etc.

One day last June I made the scene for a happening at a most unusual school. It was the Senior Show, written, produced and played by the graduating class at New York City's School of Performing Arts, located near the heart of the theater district. In the big auditorium of the school the decibels were climbing as the music of a piano, flute and drums resounded just before curtain time. No audience yet, so players and personnel were noodling around. Actors in zany costumes milled about—dressed in anything from hillbilly overalls to

miniskirts or tights. Some girls wore their dresses wrong-side out. The music went on and on, loud, the way it is, good rock of



Student dancers perform at a New York high school.

professional quality. Pretty soon there was a lot of singing and dancing in the aisles.

But a familiar, insistent bell sounded, and as classes dismissed for this special assembly, a horde of guys and gals poured in. Curtain rose, the show was on, built around the theme of a fictional rumor: that the school might close for scarcity of funds. The show was comedy and variety, featuring a good-natured put-on of the faculty plus excellent dancing and music, particularly a melodic theme song: "We'll search until we find it/That golden something that will save our school." And yes, after 45 minutes of good entertainment, they found it.

In reality, the school is not in danger of closing. Since 1948, as a separate division of the High School of Music and Art, it has been giving professional training to young people talented in dance, drama or music. Admission is by competitive auditions and tests, which measure aptitude rather than achievement. Audition in drama may include one reading and one improvisation; in music, performance on an instrument; and in dance, some choreography or a dance study. Out of some 1,700 applicants from the city's district schools, about 250 are selected. Total enrollment runs about 600.



Teenagers receive professional training in music.

In the professional classes, which take about half a school day, students dance, act or make music. In addition, all students carry a full academic course in English, social studies, science, math and a foreign language. The school day is a long one.

About 80 percent of graduates go on to college or professional schools in the arts. About 15 per cent go directly into employment in their specialty or a related field. The school is justly proud of its roster of graduates, which lists many famous names such as Stanley Beck, Susanne Pleshette, Diana Sands, Eartha Kitt and Sanford Allen.

TRAVEL

"Journey to the Moon," a wall sheet 21" x 48", might increase the "itch" in the feet of a person who hopes to become a moon tourist someday. This colorful sheet (Order #NAS L.20:4/5) is for sale at the U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, D.C.



Apollo wall sheet shows way to the moon.

20402 for 30 cents. It depicts the Apollo lunar landing mission, the configuration of the ascent and descent and the whole Apollo mission profile.

This summer marked the 30th anniversary of transatlantic passenger service to Europe. In 1939 the Pan Am *Dixie Clipper* lifted off from the waters of Long Island Sound and crossed the Atlantic in 29 hours flying time. Pan American World Airways hopes to take delivery this month of *Clipper Young America*, first of its Boeing 747 fleet, for final checking out and possible full operation by the end of the year. The world's largest jet transport will carry 362 passengers and cruise at 630 miles per hour, crossing the Atlantic in about three or four hours.



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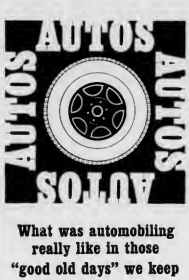
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What was automobiling really like in those "good old days" we keep hearing about?

When Grandfather gets a faraway look in his eye and tells of those beautiful winter drives to the farm when he was a lad, the pleasure of remembered scenery is blotting out the real discomforts of those trips.

This is quite likely the case if he was reared in the northern reaches where the mercury often flirted with zero at night.

Before World War I, most cars in the north stayed under cover all winter—drained of water and oil and jacked up to keep the tires from going flat and ruining the tubes.

A few rugged souls kept going. In the morning they'd fill the engine block with hot water and the crankcase with oil kept overnight in the house to keep it from taking on the consistency of very thick molasses.

Side curtains cut off the worst winds but were seldom really tight—especially if several of their brittle mica or "isinglass" windows were broken.

The combination of hot water and warm oil, and sometimes a teakettle or two of boiling water poured over the engine block, would normally get you underway.

When there were many passengers, however, the windshield frosted over quickly unless you sliced an onion in half and rubbed the glass well with the fresh-cut end. Later you could buy little fans to mount on the dash or steering column. Or you could use electric heaters with glowing wires like a toaster affixing the heater to the windshield with suction cups. Unfortunately, these heaters tended to fall off on bumpy roads.

Passengers could have warm feet for awhile with wrapped soapstones, bricks or even Mother's iron heated on the kitchen range.

These primitive "heaters" were of little use to the driver, who had one foot on the accelerator and the other poised for the clutch. He did have his own touch of luxury, however—a mohair-and-elastic steering-wheel cover to keep his fingers from freezing tight to the rim.

Manifold heaters, an early attempt to bring engine heat to passengers, were hard to control—they sometimes got so hot they charred the wooden floorboards.

Engine heat could be used to deice the windshield in freezing rain. A hammer handle propped the hood open on the left side, and warm air flowed back to the glass.

These and all the other tricks seldom made winter driving a real pleasure. That waited for the development of closed cars, good heaters and defrosters.

They really don't build cars like they used to!

Q.—COULD YOU tell me where I could get information on stock cars and stock-car racing?—Kevin Grey, Lee's Summit, Mo.

A.—National Association of Stock Car Racing, Daytona Beach, Fla.

Q.—When was the automatic transmission developed?—John Woodruff, Wichita, Kans.

A.—One of the earliest cars in the U. S. to attempt an automatic was the Sturtevant in 1904. The car featured a centrifugal clutch which had low- and high-speed ranges. Stilson had a hydraulic planetary automatic in 1907. Oldsmobile had the first modern automatic in 1939, called the "Hydra-Matic Drive."

Q.—Some cars have advertised liquid tire chains. What are they and how do they work?—Bill Bentley, Kokomo, Ind.

A.—It's a special canned resin compound, which you can buy at almost any service station. You spray the stuff on the tire tread, and it forms a sticky coating which improves traction on ice or snow. For those who are too lazy to spray the gunk on by hand, Chevrolet offers a special automatic system which you can control from inside the car. You just push a button on the instrument panel and vacuum-operated applicators located in the trunk spray the stuff over each rear tire.

Q.—When was the first front-wheel drive car produced?—William DeMers, Massapequa, N. Y.

A.—The Pennington in 1900.

Q.—What is Astro-vette? For months now I've been hearing about it being a test car.—David Kassnoff, Selden, N. Y.

A.—Never heard of it. You're probably referring to a special car called the Astro III, developed early this year by Chevrolet. The Astro III looks like a small jet plane, and it has only three wheels—like a tricycle, two in back and one up front. It has a canopy top for entrance, and overall height is a mere 40.6 inches. Carrying a rear-mounted gas turbine engine, the futuristic experimental car is envisioned as a high-performance vehicle suited

for travel on restricted access or possibly systems-controlled interstate highways of the future. Chevrolet, of course, has no production plans for the car at the moment.

Q.—I have heard that "pistol grips" might take the place of the steering wheel in future cars. How soon might this be?—Harry Montgomery, Pottstown, Pa.

A.—It'll be a long time before the present steering wheel is done away with. However, car companies are experimenting with various types of new steering systems, in addition to pistol grips. They include cantilever arms, levers built into the seat with one next to each hip, small round knobs and even a system that has a steering "stick" built into the door armrest. One of the neatest and most practical systems is being developed by Ford Motor Co., called "Wrist Twist" steering. Instead of a wheel 16 inches or so in diameter, the device has two little wheels—about five inches in diameter—one for each hand. It's called "Wrist Twist," because you use only your wrist motions instead of the arms-shoulder-torso movement required by the present wheel. You can steer the car by turning either or both of the little wheels. The system has many advantages. For example, it permits an unobstructed view of the road and instrument panel; it makes it easier to get into the car since there's no big wheel in the way; it's safer since it eliminates the steering wheel with its potential for facial and lower abdominal injuries in frontal impacts; and it's about 25 percent more responsive than present power-steering units.

MANY READERS have been requesting the addresses of car companies so they can write them about one problem or another. Here they are again: Ford Division, Rotunda Dr. and Southfield Rd., Dearborn, Mich. 48121; Lincoln-Mercury Division, 3000 Schaefer Road, Dearborn, Mich. 48121; Buick Division, Flint Mich. 48550; Chevrolet Division, GM Building, Detroit, Mich. 48202; Cadillac Division, 2860 Clark Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48232; Oldsmobile Division, Lansing, Mich. 48921; Pontiac Division, Pontiac, Mich. 48053; Chrysler-Plymouth Division, 12200 E. Jefferson Ave., Detroit, Mich. 48231; Dodge Division, 7900 Jos Campau, Detroit, Mich. 48231; American Motors Corp., 14250 Plymouth Rd., Detroit, Mich. 48232.

WHAT NEXT? We may yet see the return of curtains, lace and flowers in automobiles. One Mustang model now has seats made of knitted vinyl and a louvered shade in the rear window.

HAVE YOU CHECKED your fan belt lately? That thing could crack when you least expect it. Mine broke the other day, and it's lucky I was near a service station, or I would have been stranded on the highway. And it's such an easy job to see if it's OK.

With the engine shut off, grasp the belt between your thumb and forefinger and twist it so that the bottom and sides are visible. Look for cracks, splits or other signs of fabric wear. Now give the belt a push at a point halfway between pulleys. It should be fairly tight. If it depresses more than about half an inch or so, have it tightened.

A SAN FRANCISCO STUDY shows that 1.3 percent of all traffic accidents occur right in your own driveway. And, leaving a driveway is three times as hazardous as entering it.

NOW HERE'S SOMETHING that U. S. auto makers should look into when designing station wagons: a built-in picnic table, serving pantry and soda bar. An Italian station wagon, called the Murena 429-GT, has these features as standard equipment. ■

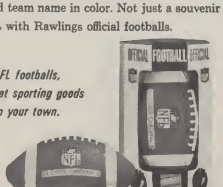
—ED JANICKI



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The population explosion can menace man's future on Earth.

In the lobby of a major New York bank, a group of curious passersby and bank clients gather to watch the flashes on the big electrified map of the United States.

No cities and roads and rivers are shown. Only state borders and names are indicated. But the map holds its audience spellbound, as every 11 seconds one of our 50 states flashes green announcing the birth of another American and the tabulator on the top of the map clicks one notch higher, 201,750,001 . . . 201,750,002. And when an American dies, his home state flashes red and the total is reduced by one.

As I stood there watching our population grow, a middle-aged man in a blue business suit turned and said with a wry smile, "If our population explosion continues at this rate, we'll soon be commuting to Mars."

And indeed it is an explosion. The number of people on this Earth is growing at a rate never before realized. When Christ was born, the world population was estimated at 250 million. Sixteen centuries later, or about the time of the great migration to the Western Hemisphere, there were only 500 million people on Earth. However, in the next 300 years the number tripled to a billion and a half. And in the 20th century alone, the population has doubled and now stands at close to 3½ billion. Every four years mankind increases by some 180 million.

Several factors contribute to this marked increase. The most important of these is modern medicine. New medical techniques now enable man to look forward to a life of some 70 years whereas centuries ago the average life expectancy was in the 40s.

What population figures are forecast for the future? Some scientists say that the United States will grow at such a rate that 100 years from now four times as many people as today will pay allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

This increase in population will pose problems in housing and education and transportation, especially in metropolitan areas. But the increase will also mean that the youth of today will have vastly more opportunities than their fathers did in all phases of business, industry, science and the arts. Because as the population grows the demand for more and better goods and services also rises.

One of the problems Americans will not have to face is a shortage of food. Unlike many countries, we have so much food that the majority of our people are overweight. We can produce food in such abundance that the government is willing to pay farmers not to till part of their soil.

Many countries are not nearly so fortunate. In China, where 770 million people occupy the same area as 20 million do in Canada, hunger is the No. 1 problem. The world's most densely populated country, China will record more than a million deaths this year from starvation and malnutrition because its methods of farming are so primitive.

India and many other nations of Asia, Africa and Latin America face the same problem of feeding their rapidly growing citizenry.

Yet the shortage of food is not always caused by the aridness of the land. Brazil, for instance, has traditionally suffered from food shortages even though the vast Amazon basin, which accounts for five percent of the world's land surface, is one of the most fertile areas on Earth. In many parts of Africa the soil is so rich it brings forth dense, green foliage without any cultivation. Still, many Africans starve.

The food problem actually stems from insufficient knowledge and practice of modern farming methods and inadequate means of transportation and refrigeration.

One of the sure ways of overcoming the obstacles to feeding our expanding world is by educating the farmers to new and more productive methods. This was one of the aims of former President John F. Kennedy when he created the Peace Corps, an organization of American youth which has made a significant contribution in the fight against world hunger.

But perhaps even in this century, man may solve the population and food problems by venturing out to find new places to live. Just as Columbus opened the door to a new world when he made his historic landing in 1492, so too will pioneers of tomorrow rocket to Mars in hopes of unlocking the door to another livable world.

At our present rate of progress in space travel, it won't be long before a newspaper headline screams, MAN LANDS ON MARS.

As the prophetic man in the bank said, "Pretty soon we'll be commuting to Mars." ■

—RAY WOOD



One back-to-school outfit you really ought to have.



There's so much in it for you. You get the new Kodak Instamatic 124 camera with drop-in loading for color snaps, color slides, or black-and-white pictures. You get a flashcube and batteries for taking the Night People. And a neat little wrist strap for easy carrying. The outfit (which is less than $22) also includes Kodak film for taking great color snapshots of the games and dances you're going back to.

Kodak film—it does make a difference.

Kodak Instamatic® color cameras. From less than $10.

Prices subject to change without notice.

BALLOONING



One of the most exciting sights to author Berry is a long row of colorful gasbags ready for free-as-a-bird flight.

Gas-bagging isn't just fun and games to Bill Berry. It's been his way of life since he was 5.

By BILL BERRY
as told to JIM SCOTT
Photos by DON W. JONES

They call me a "balloonatic," and I guess I am because I first became fascinated by flight when I was only five years old. I was living in an Omaha, Nebr., orphanage, where I used to climb the five-foot-high fence and watch a hawk as it swept across the orphanage grounds and out over the city. How I yearned to soar like that!

Well, that's what I do now every Sunday. As soon as the first rays of the sun hit my home in Concord, Calif., my wife and I and most of our six children hop into our panel truck and head for the open country. We always take a blue-and-gold plastic-coated nylon bag with us—a bag that lets me fly with the freedom of that hawk.

When we reach an open area, we spread out the blue-and-gold mass of nylon over the ground. Then I toss a lighted match into a propane-fired blower and wait for the huge 79-foot balloon to slowly expand under the pressure of the hot air. Once its 60,000 cubic feet are filled, I ignite a pair of air-heating burners in the passenger-carrying gondola—and I'm off on another flight.

The takeoff is the most scarey part of ballooning. If the rise is too rapid, the intense pressure on top of the balloon can split it. This spine-chilling experience happened to me at the Livermore (Calif.) Airport on April 6, 1966, when I went after the world record for my class of hot-air balloons. The ground lines were accidentally released too soon and I shot up like a cannonball. When I was 400 feet above the airport, I looked up to see my balloon splitting open at the top. My parachute was at my side, but too tangled in ropes and lines to allow me to reach it. The ground was rushing closer and all I could do was stand up, spread my legs and brace for the impact. I fell against the propane tank, and seconds later was unconscious. I suffered a broken vertebra in the crash.

In six weeks, I had recovered enough for the National Aeronautics Association to grant me a sanction to try again for the altitude record. The ascent was smoother this time. I entered a layer of clouds and could no longer see the large crowd which had gathered to watch. The cloud covering gave me an eerie sensation—something like a skier's whiteout. However, the comforting song of my burners steadied my nerves, and before I could become too concerned, my balloon burst through the overcast into brilliant sunshine. The cloud cover, now below me, looked like a blanket of whipped cream. Only the peak of 4,000-foot Mt. Diablo protruded above it.

Berry and friend make last-minute check before takeoff.



At 18,980 feet—a record altitude—I realized that my burners were running out of oxygen. It was time to turn back. Coming down, I handled the balloon like a skier descending a steep mountain: To break his descent, he goes into one traverse after another. Similarly, I descended several hundred feet, then drifted with the winds.

There's something about balloons that magnetizes people. No matter where you launch your balloon, you're never without a crowd. Just spot an open field near a highway and start to fill the balloon, and right away you've got company.

There was one little spectator I'll never forget. As I was taking off one day, I thought I heard a faint shout over the roar of the burners. I shrugged it off and shifted my attention to the rate-of-climb indicator. When I cut off the burners at 3,000 feet, I distinctly heard a call from below.

Peering behind me, I discovered a boy dangling from a line wrapped tightly around his hand. I couldn't reach him—the ground line went straight down from the side of the balloon. Instead, I quickly brought the balloon down.

Two miles from our takeoff point, 11-year-old Danny Nowell of Mill Valley, Calif., touched the earth. He was shaken by fright but uninjured. Since that time, I carefully check the ground lines before taking off.

When proper precautions are taken, the sky is an exciting place to be. I've taken many balloon trips since those days of yearning in the orphanage yard—and I'll take many more. Each trip is an experience I'll never forget. ■

Teens talk about problem skin.

Teenagers are experts when it comes to knowing about problem skin. These Westchester teens were given a new liquid anti-bacterial skin cleanser called HyperpHaze. For about two weeks, they washed with HyperpHaze instead of soap. Here's what they said about it...



Angela: Well, with soap, I used to wash my face two or three times before it really felt clean. But with HyperpHaze, it almost seemed to tingle!

Denise: I didn't expect it to clear up my whole face, but it did...I used it all up...after I stopped using it my face broke out again. It's like a preventative.

Camille: It really cleans out the oil and clears your face up...

Sue: I had pimples on my chin. It cleared those up...



Ron: Well...before I was using another product. HyperpHaze worked much better than that and it was a lot easier to use.

Camille: My brother...he's going to be a doctor...said "Hey, you're really looking great"!

Fran: I didn't break out like I usually would.

Fred: It was easy to use.



Ron: Well, ... the thing I liked about it was just one thing to use instead of a lot of separate things.

Angela: It's inexpensive because...you don't have to use more than one product. Once I used it, I felt I didn't have to worry...you can just, you know, go do what you want to do.

Russ: I felt more confident because...it helps your face and yet no one else can notice that you've got it on.

Jim: It took care of all the problems I had.

Bob: This HyperpHaze was really good.

Les: Well, if it's hospital-tested, it must be good enough. Right?

Ron: HyperpHaze works better than any other product that I ever used.





Wash with HyperpHaze™ instead of soap and see why teens agree... HyperpHaze -the clean, clear solution for skin problems.


4

THE BIG GREEN BENTLEY

By KEN W. PURDY



This once-in-a-lifetime oldtimer set a great standard for all fine cars to follow.

Ask an Englishman to name the greatest British aircraft, and he'll say it was either the Supermarine *Spitfire* or the Hawker *Hurricane*, the two fighter planes that fought The Battle of Britain in 1940. The greatest steamship? Her Majesty's Ship *Queen Elizabeth* will be the answer, either the fabulous "first" *Elizabeth*, the biggest passenger ship ever built, or H.M.S. *Queen Elizabeth 2*, the most modern liner in the water today.

And the greatest automobile? The average citizen will say Rolls-Royce. But the sports-car devotee, the man whose interest is in racing cars, high-performance cars, will have another answer. To him, Rolls-Royce is nothing but the name of the firm that took over a really great car and spoiled it—the Bentley. And he will go to some pains to make you understand that he means the "old" Bentley, the pre-1931 Bentley, the Bentley that five times won the 24-Hour Race at Le Mans.

There are characteristics that mark every work of man's hands that can be called great, the best of its kind, something unique and near-perfect—and one of these characteristics is that it *looks* like nothing else. That is certainly true of the Bentley. It looks like no other automobile ever did or ever will, and once you've seen a Bentley, seen it top up and top down, if it's a touring car, once you've walked around it, radiator to gas tank and back again, you'll know it for a Bentley the rest of your life.

It's hard to say why a Bentley is so plainly a Bentley. Its radiator is not as distinctive as the massive squared-off one on a Rolls-Royce or the curving horseshoe-shaped shell that marks every Bugatti; its body doesn't have the unique boxy look of an early Lanchester or the spidery appearance of a Mercer. But there is something about the hood. And the whole car, while it's short, is massive and heavy-looking. Everything on it is *big*—even the gas tank on the racing models, "carrying enough gasoline," someone wrote, "to drown a small dog."

Here is a supercharged 4½-Liter Bentley, one of only 54 of this model that were built, restored to the exact condition in which it was raced in 1931. It's painted dark green, a kind of bottle green. Green is the national racing color of Great Britain—as red is of Italy, and silver of Germany, and white-and-blue of the United States—and so a great many Englishmen have their classic sports cars painted B.R.G., British Racing Green. Out in front, seeming to grow out of the bottom of the radiator between the dumb irons, is a mass of beautifully machined and finished aluminum, studded with big bolts. This is the supercharger—showing two big carburetors on one side, a finned tube on the other, leading away to the engine—and it identifies the car instantly as a "Blower Bentley." Many automobiles have carried superchargers, or "blowers," but the 4½-Liter Bentley is the only one always identified in that way. The function of the supercharger is to draw the gasoline-and-air mixture from the carburetors and force it into the engine under pressure.

Chromium wire-mesh stone guards protect the carburetors, the radiator core and the headlights. The radiator shell is bright and wide, pushing forward in a V-shape. The radiator filler cap doesn't unscrew, as was usual on cars of the period. Instead, (To page 72)

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD OF WILD FLOWERS

By EUELL GIBBONS



I once saw a boy walk up to his father with a plant he had picked and say, "Dad, what is the name of this plant?" His father glanced at the green thing and said, "I don't know." The boy persisted: "What kind of flower does it have?" The answer again was, "I don't know." The boy then said, "But Dad, if I were hungry, would this plant be good to eat?" Once again: "I don't know." The boy then began, "Well, what is—? Oh, never mind." Immediately the father became concerned, and said, "No, no, son, that's not the right attitude. Go ahead and ask questions. The only way (To page 50)

Nature has wise reasons for making flowers so beautiful.

Illustrated by MURRAY TINKELMAN



YOUNG SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE GREEN BAY PACKERS

BY JOHN BIEVER with GEORGE VECSEY

It is Sunday afternoon in Green Bay, Wis., and it is cold. It is very cold. The temperature is around zero and the sun is setting and my hands are so cold I think my fingers are going to snap off any second.

It is so cold that you can see the steam from the breath of 50,000 people rising like a cloud above their heads.

If it's so cold, why are 50,000 people sitting out-of-doors watching the Packers play a football game, and why am I running around like a madman, when any sane person would be indoors, in front of a television set?



Well, the people in the stadium would rather be watching the game in person than almost anything else in the world, and I would rather be running around on the sidelines taking pictures of the game than anything else I can think of.

My name is John Biever and I'm 17 years old and I am the son of the official photographer for the Green Bay Packers. I take pictures of all the Packer home games, running up and down the sidelines, following the action, watching Bart Starr, Willie Davis—all the great Packers.

Little Biever is eager for action and ready to shoot from kickoff to final gun.

John alertly catches Green Bay's Donnie Anderson being caught by Don Hultz of the Philadelphia Eagles.



Anderson hits the line for short yardage and a traffic-jam crush for the camera.



I think I have one of the best jobs a young man could have. For one thing, I get to see some pretty exciting football games. Today's game is pretty typical. The Packers are behind four points in the fourth quarter. Time is running out and they can't afford to lose this game. Everybody knows the Packers are going to try for a touchdown in the final minutes, because a field goal would give them only three points—not enough.

Right now the Packers have the ball and they're moving down the field. Bart Starr is calling the plays, and he's got the team moving. They're going to score. I can feel it. I know they're going to score.

I am crouched down behind the Packer end zone, about 30 yards away from Bart Starr, who is calling signals near the 20-yard line. His ten teammates on the Packer offensive team get into their set positions. I can hear Bart's voice bark out the signals—"47—left—25—set 1—set 2" or words to that effect, and the defense tenses itself for the big play.

I would like to stand up and watch the play develop, but I can't. I have to keep working. I have to peer down into my camera, to set myself for the big picture, because I have the feeling the Packers are going to score on this play. The ball is coming my way. I'm sure of it.

End Boyd Dowler twists and Biever clicks!



Don't get me wrong. I'm no genius about football. I never played the game myself, and I'm not too strong on all the technicalities, but I have a hunch about this play. Bart is not going to call for a run, although the Packers have been running well. Instead, he is going to try for a touchdown pass.

With my face down in the camera I can hear the noise of the players. The defenders are shouting "I got him" or "pass-pass-pass" or they are merely grunting as they bang into the Packers. I can hear the popping of the shoulder pads as the linemen crunch into each other. I can hear some muffled curses as these giants try to knock each other down, trying to do their jobs. It's like a war out on that field and I'm only a few yards away, waiting for the pass.

Then suddenly I spot him, Carroll Dale, No. 84. He cuts past a defensive (To page 70)

From the book, YOUNG SPORTS PHOTOGRAPHER WITH THE GREEN BAY PACKERS, by John Biever with George Vecsey. Copyright © 1969 by Associated Features Inc. Printed by permission of the publishers, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc.

CATALINA CAMPOUT

Through rough seas plowe

By DICK PRYCE

Terry Dunn knew that the island lay directly ahead. But where? And how far? He squinted, narrowing his eyes to tiny slits. But they couldn't pierce the misty fog. *What a guy needs,* thought Terry, *is X-ray eyes. Then he could see all the way to Catalina.*

On a clear day from the California coast the island of Santa Catalina —about 26 miles from the mainland—looms like a green jewel in the blue Pacific. But as the sailing ship *White Cloud* slipped from Marina Del Rey at Venice, none of the Scouts from the Hollywood Wilshire District's Troop 170 (Los Angeles Area Council) could spot the island.

"What do you think, skipper?" asked Scoutmaster Art Johnson.

"This haze should burn off before long," replied Dave O'Brien, the captain and owner of the 70-foot vessel. "It may be a little choppy out there. But we'll make it."

Choppy it was. All hands took seasick pills. There were some queasy stomachs, but no one really turned green. To take their minds off the pitching deck, the Scouts looked for and frequently saw porpoises, sharks and flying fish. And before the five-hour voyage was over, the sun shone.

Camping on Catalina was a new experience for Troop 170. Usually the Scouts go to the mountains, since the Southern California beaches are crowded. Mr. O'Brien, a writer for comic Red Skelton's TV show, volunteered to take the troop aboard the *White Cloud.* And late in the afternoon he approached the dock at Isthmus Harbor.

From the dock the Scouts transferred their camp gear to a water taxi owned by a private company. In these motor launches, the troop traveled about four miles more to a sandy, deserted beach called Rippers Cove. The water taxi could not



Above: Rippers Cove.



Below: Up grassy slopes.



Below. Ocean-carved cliffs.



Photos by GENE DANIELS

Above: Romping on the beach.



Below: The golden Garibaldi.

go into the beach. So all the gear was reloaded in skiffs. Beaching the skiffs was no easy chore: Everyone got a little wet, but most of the gear remained dry. Drinking water also was landed, since there were no springs nearby.

The 200 yards of sandy shoreline would be home for the next six days. Fishing. Swimming. Hiking. The Scouts had plenty of time for all of these activities. But on the first night they were tired. After a hot-dog supper, they spread sleeping bags on the dry part of the beach and stretched out, completely alone beneath a million twinkling stars.

Next day they policed the beach, cleaning the paper and accumulated debris. Into the hills that jut upward from the beach went a wood detail, seeking firewood from the thorny trees that sprouted from the rocky soil. Skittish goats climbed among the rocks, but the Scouts couldn't get anywhere near them.

Under the June sun, the days slipped by. At first the boys tried to catch fish with salmon eggs and freshwater lures. None worked. So the more adventurous caught little crabs and mussels and clams—which is what the fish wanted to eat. With natural bait, the fishing picked up.

Most of the fish caught were small calico bass, barred perch, yellow fin croaker, rubber lip perch, Catalina blue perch and blennies.

"What's this?" asked Hector Garcia as he pulled a golden fish from the ocean. He had caught a Garibaldi, a pugnacious perch-like beauty. Garibaldis live in rock crevices, and are protected by law from fishermen. So Hector returned his fish to the water.

Moray eels were common. Ugly looking creatures, the morays have needle-sharp teeth and the Scouts were careful (To page 64)

he White Cloud, carrying Scouts of Troop 170 to an island adventure they'd always remember.



Above: Lunching in a hidden cave.



Above: Man-eating octopus.

Right: Island campsite dead ahead.

Below: Next meal, abalone.



Below: Swimming's always fun.





THE THING IN THE TOWER

By LEONARD WIBBERLEY

I have to go to London for a couple of days," said Uncle George, glaring fiercely around the breakfast table. "Some confounded nonsense about a shipment of Australian wool." He gave his hard-boiled egg a brisk crack with his spoon.

"That means that you chaps will be here alone for perhaps a week," he continued. "Still, you're Americans. Americans are supposed to be able to take care of themselves. Pioneering spirit and all that sort of stuff."

His nephew, Chuck Wesley, 16, glanced at his brother Bill across the table and struggled to keep a straight face. The two had known their Uncle George for only a week, having just arrived in England at his invitation to spend the summer vacation. With them was a friend, Pete Irvine. They had not yet got used to Uncle George's eccentricities, which included a grudging admiration, mixed with a measure of distrust, for America and all things American.

"While I am gone," continued Uncle George, "you may do what you want in the way of amusement. You can ride the horses, or go shooting, or swim in the Lady Deep. There is only one thing you cannot do. And what is that?"

"Turn on the water while you are taking a bath," said Pete solemnly.

"Bah," snorted Uncle George. "Americans. Complete duffers. To think that the future of the world—the whole heritage of Western Man—lies in their hands. The thing you must not do is . . ."

"Go into the Antioch Tower," said all three boys together.

Uncle George glared. "Very funny." And then he laughed, for despite his fiery disposition, he was incapable of remaining angry for very long. "Quite correct. You are not in any circumstances whatever to go into the Antioch Tower. Be sure that I will know about it if you do."

"Why can't we go in there?" asked Chuck.

"Because it is dangerous," said Uncle George.

"You've told us that before," said Chuck. "But in what way is it dangerous?"

"Watch that marmalade, boy, or you will have it on the tablecloth," said Uncle George. "It's dangerous because there is a lot of loose masonry which may fall at any time."

"They told us in the village that the Antioch Tower is haunted," said Pete. "There's a thing called the Strangling Beast inside. It drops down from above like a big snake and kills you."

"Who told you that?" demanded Uncle George.

"The old fellow that runs the store where they sell candy," said Chuck.

"Simmons has been out of touch for 20 years at least," said Uncle George.

"So did the guy that runs the gas station," said Bill.

"The petrol-station attendant," said Uncle George. "Well, of course, if you want to believe

In the dark the three boys faced—what? Was it the terrible strangling beast?

every piece of tomfoolery that comes your way you are welcome to do so. After all, the Antioch Tower is a thousand years old or so, and that's plenty of time for all kinds of stories to be invented. The Strangling Beast is the most popular, and there's also the Singing Skull."

"What's that story?" asked Chuck.

"Just a lot of nonsense," said Uncle George.

"Please tell us," said Chuck, and Uncle George, mildly surprised, it seemed, at such a depth of interest, replied, "Well, about 500 years ago one of our ancestors made a mock of the monks who had come to this castle to sing for divine service. The punishment for his mockery was that he must appear in the Antioch Tower at every full moon and sing parts of the service to the stones."

Uncle George then glanced at his watch and said, "Well, I must be off. Mrs. Manners will take care of all your needs, and Adams will saddle any of the horses you require, or help you get fishing tackle together. Remember—"

"Don't go into the Antioch Tower," said the three boys together.

"Precisely," said Uncle George, and departed for London.

Left to themselves the three boys decided first to explore the Lady Deep — the private lake which lay close to Uncle George's castle and which in olden times had been part of the castle's defenses, for the lake supplied the water for the moat around the battlements.

The Lady Deep was more of a pond than a lake, but there was a sandy little bay, shaded by a weeping willow, which was just made for swimming. A thick growth of elderberry stretched away to right and left of this bay and in the distance wild iris, some blue, others yellow, kept graceful watch on the smooth water.

But swimming turned out to be the wrong decision. Half an hour later the bright early summer sky was dark with heavy clouds. The wind switched from south to west and in a second the rain was beating down so hard that they were forced to get what shelter they could from the weeping willow on the little bay.

For a while the willow kept them fairly dry, but as the rainstorm increased they were forced to creep farther and farther back until they were crouched against a small bank of earth listening to the slash of the rain in the writhing branches overhead. Looking around for better shelter on top of the bank, the three boys found the remains of a stone building (To page 67)

Illustrated by BILLY APPLE

SHOWING THE WAY

By STEVE CADY

Suddenly, it's your turn.

You take a couple of deep breaths to settle the butterflies in your stomach. Good. You're relaxing.

"Next . . ." the announcer drones over the public-address system.

You think of what you must be sure to do and what you must be sure not to do. You remember what your "ground men" have told you about the turns and spacing of the course, how you will handle the particular horse you happen to be riding.

This time it's Tiny's Thoughts, a ten-year-old gelding with a good eye for his fences but an occasional tendency to go over them too flat. You may have to steady him. Make him wait. Make sure he gathers himself properly and leaps with the graceful arc you know the judges demand.

"Num-bah fifty-six," the announcer continues, ". . . Master James Hulick."

James Hulick. Self-disciplined son of professional horse people from Sterling Junction, Mass. Honor roll in his high school. Tall (5' 11"), slender (145 pounds) and serious. An unruly shock of sandy-brown hair tumbles across the forehead above cool, pale-blue eyes. Hoisted aboard a horse at the age of two ("We lifted him up and he held on"). Riding regularly at five and now, at 15, considered one of the rising young stars in the fashionable world of horse shows. James Hulick, a name to be reckoned with at Boulder Brook and Devon and Madison Square Garden.

For a split second, you think of the bad fall one of the earlier contestants took—the "thunk" as half a ton of balky horseflesh hit the fence, turning poetry-in-motion into broken verse . . . the gasp from the crowd . . . the ever-present ambulance, vulture-like but welcome, coming into the ring . . . the applause as the rider, groggy but unhurt, got to his feet, brushing off the tanbark.

Finally, as you rein your horse into position, you think of No. 44, the boy two places before you who went real well, impressing the judges. Welded to his horse. Back straight. Hands and legs working in unison. Floating over the fences in a perfect trajectory. You know you will have to concentrate extra hard to beat No. 44.

But as the familiar nervousness subsides, you think of what else you have learned: that you'll simply do the best you can, and if it isn't good enough, you'll smile anyway, because that's what horse shows are mostly about, knowing how to take the bad with the good.

You chirp to Tiny's Thoughts and non-



James Hulick, rising young rider.

chalantly urge him forward toward the first of the ten fences. Depending on the layout of the barriers, it will take from a minute and a half to two minutes to complete the course. You reach the first fence and soar upward, smoothly and confidently.

FROM APRIL to November, these are the most important hurdles in the life of James Hulick.

"What it boils down to," he says, using a favorite expression, "is that there's nothing else I really enjoy doing. Say you've got a job. You wake up at eight, go to work from nine to five. You go to sleep, get up at eight again. Dull. School is like that, too, a desk job. Same hours. It gets boring. With horses, it's different. You travel around a lot. Riding in shows, meeting people from places like Texas and California."

For young Hulick, these are the moments that overshadow his milder interest in baseball, world affairs, ice-skating, mathematics, television (favorite program: *Mission Impossible*), girls, and classified ads in the *Worcester Telegram* for used or antique cars. More often than not, as No. 44 discovered to his regret, they are triumphant moments.

Last year, James ("You better write 'James,' or my mother will get mad") qualified for the national final in hunter-seat championships—the Maclay, in New York, and the medal event at Harrisburg, Pa.—and finished close to the top in both. His 1969 scorecard is already impressive: Riding General C, owned by Cedar Lodge Farm in Stamford, Conn., he's taken the junior hunter championships in the Farmington, Devon, Ox Ridge and Fairfield shows.

The price of his success? A demanding year-round practice session that calls for at least an hour a day on horseback, six days a week; frequent trips to Cedar Lodge Farm for equine tutoring by his distinguished instructor, Victor Hugo-Vidal; excursions to New York City to be fitted for custom-made riding boots and breeches and hunt jackets; winter-vacation trips to horse shows in Puerto Rico and elsewhere.

To his way of thinking, though, the rewards are well worth the price. An amateur now, he will automatically become a professional when he turns 18 because 1) his parents are pros, who buy, sell, raise, board and ride show horses for other people, and 2) he expects to be showing horses for other people by then, anyway.

"No doubt about it," says Hugo-Vidal, "James is going to become one of the top show professionals. He's a remarkably fine rider! He's cool, coordinated, disciplined and bright. And he's got a phenomenal feel for horses."

This feel for horses, according to Hugo-Vidal, is what separates the great riders from the merely good ones.

"It's a God-given thing," he says. "It's hard to explain."

Like many persons with an innate talent, Hulick doesn't even try to explain how he does it, leaving that for others to decide.

"Animals seem to like James," says Hugo-Vidal, who works with 45 blue-ribbon students each year. "There's no animosity between James and the horses while they're out there. They set up a rapport, and this is important. Why? Because if there's a battle, the horse usually will win. He's stronger. But they don't seem to battle James."

As Mrs. Hulick puts it, "I don't think James knows why he does well. It's mostly that feel he has for horses—plus being able to do what he's been taught."

The horse could be his own, like Tiny's Thoughts. Or it could be somebody else's, like General C or Sea Surge, owned by Louis Terramagra of Thunderbrook Farm in Devon, Pa.

Those are the three stalwarts he has been campaigning in classes for hunter-seat equitation (where the horse does the jumping but it's the rider's style that counts), junior hunters (where the horse's style and performance over 3½-foot fences are judged) and junior jumpers (where the fences are raised progressively to a maximum of five feet)

⟹

No average teenager is James Hulick, who reins supreme as a prince of the horse-show kingdom.





Under the watchful eyes of judges and audience, James takes his mount over one of many hurdles in the finals of national championship competition.

The place where James and his mounts establish their rapport could be just about anywhere the horsey set gathers in their nomadic pursuit of rainbow-ribboned gold and glory. It could be a one-day "backyard" show with 20 horses, or a major production that draws more than 1,000 horses and lasts a week. Each year, 15,000 juniors like young Hulick (up to 18 years old) compete in 700 shows sanctioned by the American Horse Shows Association and 2,000 lesser, non-sanctioned events. Few win as many ribbons as James, who turned 15 last December 5, or are more happily resigned to the scene.

It's a constantly changing scene, of course, at least geographically and atmospherically. Outdoors, there's more of a carnival feeling: riders on horseback, slowly sipping their ice-packed lemonade through straws . . . spectators sitting on the hoods of station wagons and sports cars, lining the rails around the ring three-deep, jamming the tiny grandstands decked with red, white and blue bunting . . . a pet goat being led by a little girl in pigtails . . . the "*plink-plink*" of tennis balls from nearby courts . . . swallows and sparrows twittering in white-washed but ancient barns . . . gaily striped refreshment tents . . . yelping hounds, if it's a hunt club . . . dinky one-horse vans and luxurious 12-horse Pullmans, with HORSES or BLOODSTOCK lettered on their sides, parked under the shade trees.

At the big indoor shows, like the National at Madison Square Garden in New York, the atmosphere is more formal, befitting the season: a Meyer Davis society orchestra, in tuxedos, playing bouncy tunes . . . women in evening dresses and jewels . . . red carpets for the winners to walk on.

Always, of course, indoors or out, there are the horses: nickering softly in their stalls, whinneying for their dinner, standing patiently while a blacksmith puts new shoes on them, being maneuvered smoothly by frail-looking young riders who act as if they had been doing it for years, which most of them have.

Some of the horses are too eager, some too lazy. Some are placid, some cantankerous. Most need different types of handling—light rein, strong rein, constant "push 'em forward" action with the legs, easy leg action. Horse A, for example, might need exactly the opposite kind of guidance to do what Horse B did.

"Every horse reacts differently," James explained, "and every horse has a few little weak points. So sometimes you have to cover up for them. You help them. It's like with people. Nobody's perfect."

The young rider, his head shaded between appearances in the ring by a Tahitian hat, thought for a minute and then, with a kind of well-if-you-insist shrug, began to elaborate.

"Sometimes it's how a horse feels on a particular day," he said quietly. "That's what it boils down to. In the warm-up before they call your number, you just feel a horse out to see how he's listening to you. Is he paying attention? Or is he trying to do things on his own? You have to know. It's like a pitcher in baseball: if his fastball isn't working, he has to use something else."

Surprised at his own talkativeness, James plunged on with what for him represented an uncharacteristic filibuster:

"If a horse is acting sluggish, you have to ride him slow. You wait till you get closer to the fences before you send him over. You don't ask him for 'big fences,' where he would take off from farther in front of the barrier. But if he's full of pep, really listening to you, you go all out."

Horses have been listening to James in competition since he made his horse-show debut at the age of six. At seven, he was riding in the National (on a pony named Sugar 'n Spice). Anybody whose first reaction on the back of horse is to yell "Whoa!" would be terrified by the kind of maneuvers that take place at horse shows. To James, it's routine.

"They started us out and pushed us along and I just learned to like it," he said, referring to the path he and his 13-year-old sister, Gail, are following.

"Sure, you get a little nervous if somebody falls at a certain fence and gets hurt. It could build up in you. Like a football player gets injured, he could be afraid to tackle too hard the next time. Or a pitcher gives up a home run, he could lose confidence in his fastball.

"But you don't let yourself think too much about falling. When you're little, you don't think of it at all. I used to get thrown off and dragged around all the time. Once you get to be about ten, you start realizing what can happen to people when they fall. Concussions. Broken bones. But you just don't let it get on your mind. You can't afford to."

So far, James has had only one bad tumble, breaking his collarbone at the North Shore Horse Show last fall. That spill cost him seven weeks in a bodycast, but one week after it was removed, he was riding in the National.

At times, exchanging exuberant banter with pretty girls or indulging in horseplay with the boys, it almost seems as if James would like to chuck the whole horse-show business and go fishing. Yet he apparently has no regrets.

"Horses are my whole life," he says proudly. "Most of my best friends are the kids I meet at the horse shows."

Mrs. Hulick, a trim, youthful-looking blonde, describes her son as "very much of an introvert," a boy who has always been able to discipline himself and who has "no fairy-tale outlook on the horse business." She said she couldn't remember ever having to order James to do his homework.

Hugo-Vidal, too, never ceases to be amazed by his prize pupil's self-sufficiency.

"He doesn't need a lot of people around him, like most children his age," the instructor said. "If, anything, his biggest problem is trying too hard. James is a perfectionist. Of course, this sport isn't just a once-a-week thing. You have to devote the same time to it as you would to football or basketball or baseball. Maybe more."

Between the National in November, and the spring opening, James limits his competitive activity to about one show a month—mostly minor indoor events in New England.

But his training at the family's 150-acre Saddle River farm 20 miles from Worcester, Mass., never lets up. Every day except Monday, the traditional day off for professional horse-show people, he polishes his technique. His practice area: the farm's indoor ring, its outdoor rings or its fields, with their useful hedges, fences and stone walls.

"I hardly ever ride on trails," James pointed out, "because trails are strictly for pleasure."

James gets home at three P.M. from Wachusett Regional High School (enrollment: 1,500), where he is doing so well that his teachers want him to try for Harvard. By 3:30 P.M., he has polished off a snack (usually peanut butter, doughnuts, milk or apple cider) and is at the barn, ready to saddle up. He rides for an hour or more, then helps his father with the feeding and grooming of the horses.

Homework, starting after dinner at seven P.M., lasts anywhere from half an hour to three or four hours. Like competitive riding, it's hard work all the way. But James makes it look easy, just as he does with horsemanship.

"As a rider, James has great balance," says Susan Waters, a 20-year-old horse lover who dropped out of the University of Miami to become a live-in helper for the Hulicks. "He has a sense of rhythm and a good eye for judging the distance to fences. I guess you could call it sheer talent. Some people are good at drawing pictures or writing poetry. James knows how to ride horses."

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MY DAD AND I

By SAM SILAS, JR.,
as told to NICK CRUZ

I don't suppose it'll surprise anyone to hear that my favorite sport is football. I mean, because my father is a professional football player with the New York Giants. He played with the St. Louis Cardinals of the National Football League before he went with the Giants, and in college before that. It seems he's always been playing football.

Anyway, that's my best game—I play end because I like catching passes—and he helps me with it. Like pointing out my mistakes. I guess my biggest mistake is clipping, because that's the one he tells me about most. I play baseball, soccer and basketball, too, but football's Number One. Maybe, some day, I'll even play it professionally, like my father.

There are lots of things I could be. I know my father wants to be something else when he finishes playing football. I don't understand much of what he's going to school for now, when he's not playing, but he talks about school and he's taken me to his classroom. [Sam Silas, Sr., holds a master's degree in physical education from Southern Illinois University and is completing his doctorate in higher education at SIU.]

Football isn't the only thing we do together. He flies an airplane and I go up with him sometimes. And we have a speedboat and go for rides in it when the weather's good. We did more of those things when he was playing with the Cardinals. Then he was home a lot more than he is now, since he went to the Giants. I only saw him three times all last season, although I watch every game he plays on TV.

The last game I saw my father play in person was when the Giants played the Baltimore Colts. He played real well but the Giants lost anyway. Fran Tarkenton, the quarterback, did a good job too. I like the way he runs. He's my favorite, after my father.

When my father's around home, not playing, he's stricter than my mother. He's not too good about my allowance, and he makes me work for it. I have to do things like cut the grass, empty the trash, sometimes do the dishes, clear up my bedroom. And I have to be home before dark all year 'round.

Anyway, my father's fun to be with. Especially when we're playing ball or something like that. The nicest present he ever gave me was a football, an NFL football, a *real* one. Not autographed—one I could really use.

We even work out some together. One time I remember we ran and ran, and it turned out to be more than eight miles, and he was more tired than I was when we got back home. The next morning he got up with a sore ankle but I felt great. We ran like that a few other times but I'm not so interested in doing it any more. I'll watch him run, but I won't go with him. I get plenty of running when I'm playing different sports with my friends.

That's about as much as I can tell you about my father. Oh, yes, there's one thing more. I like watching him play, and I know he makes good money for doing it. But I hope he doesn't ever get hurt bad. ■

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3



Photos by ANTHONY BARBOZA

Sam Silas, Jr., isn't exactly a chip off the old block. The truth is that he's a whole young block himself. He's 11 years old and has two brothers and one sister, all younger than he is, which makes him big man around the house—when dad's away. He lives in Carbondale, Ill., and has very definite ideas about what he likes—for example: his famous father, all sports and the kind of clothes he wears. The sweaters that young Sam is sporting on these pages are his personal choices, and also represent the newest back-to-school styles for fall, 1969. Except for the fireside scene, all pictures were taken on and around the campus of the University of Southern Illinois, in Carbondale.

Directly below (1), sprawling in front of the fireplace, Sam, Sr., is identifying some of his teammates in the football pictures spread out on the rug. Sam, Jr., is taking it all in, in his blue-and-green argyle-pattern button-front sweater, a classic pattern popular in this country in the '30s, and making a big comeback now. Of wool and mohair, it is also available in a smart V-neck pullover model. From Van Heusen. Sam's navy Deck Star oxfords have army duck uppers, reinforced toe guards and are washable. They are made by Converse.

The two Silas men spend as much time together as Sam, Sr.'s, commitments allow him. They enjoy each other's company, and share a common interest in many sports. At far left (2) Sam, Jr., dribbles a basketball under his father's watchful and critical eyes, and also shows off his chestnut pullover, with blue-and-gold contrast color trim at bottom, on long cuffs and at the crew neck. This close-to-the-body style is the new "skinny sweater" look, a fashion highlight for fall. Machine wash-and-dry, it's from Robert Bruce. Sam's All Star oxfords are fine for casual wear as well as for basketball and other sports. They are made by Converse.

Next (3), little Sam at the bat is in a flag-yellow sweater of Orlon, with a high crew neck, and contrasting brown-and-white stripes. A pullover style, this from Robert Bruce.

Making a grandstand play (4) young Sam looks grand in a red stripe, high crew-neck pullover of Orlon, with snappy matching tam and muffler. The muffler is coming on strong for school wear, makes sense on a chilly, windy day. The set, from Robert Bruce.

Sam Silas, Sr., (5) is not only a football great but excels in all sports, including golf, in which he is noted for his perfect form. As for Sam, Jr., he does not consider it a chore to caddy for daddy, but a great privilege. Here he is caddying in a raspberry V-neck cardigan which has a fitted waist, extra-long cuffs and blue-and-gray trimming. The sweater is machine wash-and-dry, and is from Robert Bruce. Sweater collectors never have enough sweaters and Sam, no exception to the rule, has a large wardrobe of them. ■

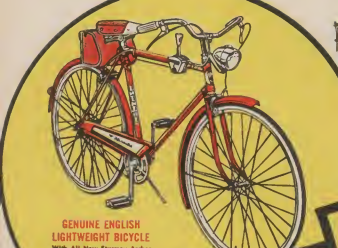

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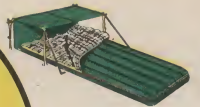

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We can help you: If you can't find these clothes locally, write to Sam Silas, c/o BOYS' LIFE, 2 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. 10016. Clothes not available through BOYS' LIFE.

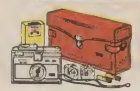
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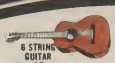
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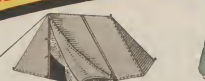
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At first light, when mist was thick on a remote little lake in the Canadian wilderness, Ted Hanson crouched close to his father and listened carefully to the tense-voiced instructions.

"It'll take at least three days, and don't try to do it in less," the man warned. Lying beside the small campfire, he winced as he shifted the leg that was thickly bound with a spruce limb for a splint. "A day to get back to Sturgeon Lake—then follow the Maligne River, and portage both sets of rapids." He looked up from the map. "Whatever you do, don't try to run them."

"I won't," the boy promised.

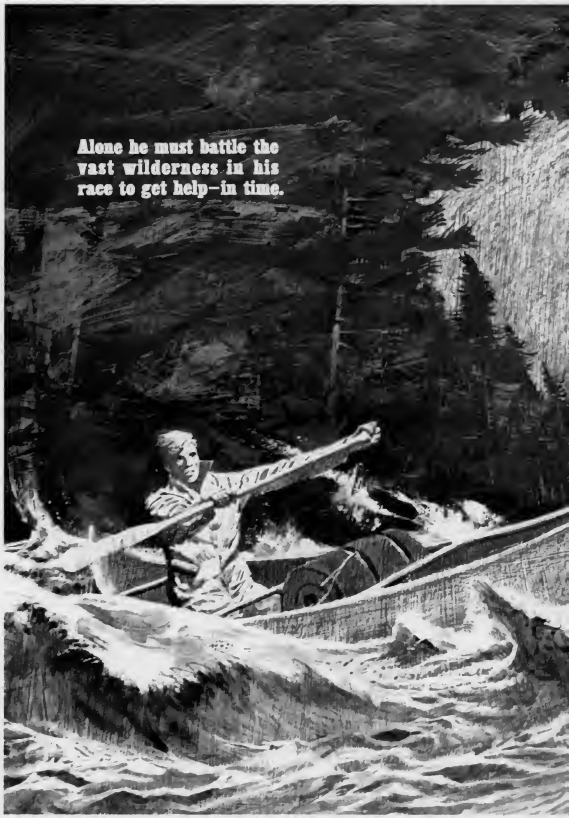
"Then Minn, McAree and Crooked lakes—stick to the route I've drawn here, and keep using that compass!"

"Don't worry, Dad," Ted told him. "I can do it." But he was secretly worried himself. They were more than 100 miles from the nearest known source of help—the ranger station at Basswood Lake on the border. The very vastness of the wilderness he had to cross alone hung heavily on him.

IT SEEMED INCREDIBLE that such a wonderful adventure could turn so suddenly into a daytime nightmare. Ted's father loved canoeing, and for years they had gone together on overnight camping trips along close-to-home waterways. But the boy had long dreamed of making an expedition into the wilderness his father occasionally visited with other men —the chains of lakes and rivers of the Quetico Provincial Park above the Minnesota-Canada border.

"The Quetico is as wild as land can be," his father would tell him, by way of saying he was too young. "It's kept wild with a few simple rules. You can't put up any permanent building there. You can take in only what you can carry on your back over the portages. Bush pilots can't even land there, except in emergencies."

Still, on the spring day that Ted turned 12, he knew the hoped-for trip was close at hand. His birthday gift was a sleek new two-man canoe,



Ted dug in hard with the paddle as he struggled to head into the wind.



THE LONG WAY BACK

By GENE CAESAR

smaller and lighter than the 17-footer they already owned. Thickset and husky for his age, he soon learned the knack of shouldering the little craft alone—pulling it onto his knees as he squatted, walking his hands across the yoke to get a grip on both gunnels, then flipping it on up with a firm, single effort.

"You'll have to carry it over the portages," his father explained. "If we take just two sleeping bags, a tent and camp gear, a fishing rod and a change of clothing apiece, and enough food for three weeks, I'll have a pack that's a lot heavier than the canoe."

They spent many pleasurable evenings planning the trip and organizing their outfit. But the day finally came when they made the long drive up through Duluth to Ely, then followed the farthest reach of gravel road to Moose Lake. Leaving the car, they headed first for the Basswood Lake ranger station, then went on up past the great granite cliffs of the Kahshahpiwi chain.

They traveled at the traditional "guide's pace"—a day of paddling and portaging, then a day of rest or fishing or exploration, with two nights spent at each campsite. Working their way along seemingly endless waterways clustered with islands and white-rock shoals like icebergs, they passed limitless dark-green forests split by rapids and cascades, and the unearthly muskeg bogs where centuries-old trees grow just a few inches thick. Far to the north of Sturgeon Lake they rambled through a world containing nothing remotely suggestive of civilization. And they found rarely visited bays where it seemed impossible to cast a lure without a pike or walleye striking.

They had been out nearly two weeks when it happened. Climbing around a waterfall, Ted's father slipped on wet stone and tumbled down into the pool below. The boy rushed over to help. But the man's face was twisted with pain. His right leg was broken above the knee.

"Cut some limbs for a splint," he gasped with gritted teeth. He pressed the bone into place himself, almost passing out from

→

the pain. Ted bound the leg tightly with torn strips of their spare shirts, then fashioned a crutch from a forked sapling. But when they tried to start back together, their pace was pitifully slow.

At every portage, Ted had to carry the canoe over, return for the pack, then make a third trip to help his father. At the rate they were going their food wouldn't last through half the distance ahead, and they were far off the main traveled routes, with little hope of other canoeists finding them this early in the season.

Finally they faced up to the fact that they really had but one hope left: Young Ted had to go on alone for help. He had to get through to Basswood Lake by himself.

He made a campsite as comfortable as possible and gathered a good supply of firewood. Then, taking little more than his sleeping bag and some dried meat and biscuit mix, he started at dawn.

"I can do it!" he'd insisted confidently. But he'd sensed as he said this that he was trying as much to convince himself as he was his father.

BY THE TIME the sun was up, he felt more sure of himself. With each stroke of the paddle, he could feel the new strength and skill that had come into his arms through the last two weeks, and on each portage he could sense the new toughness in his legs.

Even so, it was late afternoon before he reached the broad expanse of Sturgeon Lake. The wind was rising, and he fought the big waves for little more than an hour before he pulled ashore. With the canoe propped up as a shelter, he got a small fire going, then mixed dough in a plastic bag to make biscuits on a green branch.

I'll just rest until the wind dies down, then paddle a couple more hours before dark, he decided as he slid into his sleeping bag. But he woke up in total blackness. And when he checked his watch with his flashlight, it was past midnight.

He couldn't get back to sleep, and it seemed senseless just to lie there. He knew he shouldn't try traveling at night, but as he flashed his light on the map, he could see no chance of a mistake.

That leg could be a lot worse than Dad lets on, he thought. *He's got to get to a hospital. I can't waste any time.*

In a sudden burst of resolve, he rolled up his sleeping bag, pushed the canoe into the water and started across Sturgeon Lake.

The big waves were frightening at first in the darkness. But he dug in hard with the paddle and kept the wind in his face. The pitching of the canoe finally lessened as he drew near the sheltered shore.

The moon was breaking through fast-moving clouds as he worked his way down the calm water of a narrowing bay. But he had the troublesome feeling that he was forgetting something. And when he suddenly remembered, he felt a chill that didn't come from the night air.

There were rapids ahead on the Maligne River—rapids he'd been ordered not to try running in daylight, much less in darkness.

He hesitated for some time, studying the map by flashlight. But he finally decided to go on. *He'd stay close to shore,* he promised himself, *and head in at the first feel of fast water.*

The chill he felt didn't come from the night air. Could he run the rapids—in darkness?

The wind was still loud in the spruces. He knew he wouldn't be able to hear the rapids, and he grew ever more uneasy. After about a half hour, he grounded the canoe and began exploring the riverbank, using his flashlight as sparingly as possible. Finding nothing, he drifted the canoe down and tried again. On his fourth search of the shore, he gasped in relief as he saw the worn path of a portage trail leading off through the spruces.

He wasn't sleepy, and the trail seemed clear enough to follow by moonlight. *I might as well go on,* he thought. *If I run into rough cover, I'll rest right there until morning.*

Shouldering the canoe with the paddle wedged firmly inside and his sleeping bag rolled on his back, he portaged for more than a mile through the moonlit woods. Then he paddled on, west and slightly south, staying close to shore. The wind was dying now, and he had no worry about not hearing the second rapids.

Just one more portage and then straight paddling all the way to the falls above Minn Lake, he thought. *I'll bet I gained half a day by going on last night.*

He made that next portage in early-dawn grayness, and his confidence was increasing as the sky lightened. Even when the trail seemed longer that it should have, he didn't stop to rest. Just as his legs were about to give out on him, he came to water again, and he lowered the canoe and paddled off immediately, letting his legs rest while his arms did the work. He could see only a few yards in the morning mist, so he kept close to shore. And he knew first sudden fear and then a wild thrill when he almost bumped into a gigantic feeding bull moose.

Still, as he followed what he thought was a riverbank, a feeling that something was wrong began to trouble him. Just as the mist was clearing, he realized he no longer felt the current. Drifting slowly as he hesitated, he could see farther and farther over the water, but he could catch no glimpse of the other shore.

He puzzled over his map for a long time before he realized what had happened. In his fear of blundering into the rapids the night before, he'd forgotten there was another trail, and he'd portaged too soon. He wasn't on the Maligne River now. He was far to the south of the route his father had marked for him, nearing a bottom bay of Wink Lake.

SICK WITH DISAPPOINTMENT and self-disgust, he thought of the long distance he'd have to backtrack. Instead of reaching help in less than three days, as he'd hoped, he'd need at least four now. The map seemed to mock him as he stared at it.

"Wait a minute!" he suddenly gasped aloud. Less than four miles to the south lay the northern tip of Darky Lake and then an easy stretch of paddling with just two small portages to get down into Crooked Lake. Just a small blank space on the map separated him from a shortcut that could turn his mistake into a triumph, a shortcut that lay well within the long arc of the route his father had outlined.

How bad can four miles be? he wondered. *If it took all day, I'd still be ahead.*

He knew he'd been ordered to stick to the marked route. But now that he'd accidently gotten so far off, wouldn't his father want him to use his own judgment? The horizon to the south was flat and low. There couldn't be any big timber there, or any granite cliffs to block the way. If he stopped to rest often enough, he could certainly carry the canoe over four miles of level ground far more easily than retracing an entire night's travel.

In an abrupt burst of decision, he paddled on to the south.

Reaching the shore, he remembered to fill his canteen before shouldering the canoe. Then he worked his way slowly through marsh grass, his tennis shoes sinking into mud at each step. Splashing into water again, he lowered the canoe and tried to paddle.

The water was too shallow. As hard as he worked, he made little headway, and he climbed out to attempt portaging once more. It became more and more of a struggle to free his feet from the mud.

For hours, he fought his way on. Sometimes, in the growth-choked swamp, he could move the canoe only by rocking it steadily and pulling on clumps of grass. Yet portaging was growing ever more difficult too. Once, when he stepped out to try, he felt himself sinking down and down, and he cried out in panic as he grabbed the gunnels.

Now, when it was much too late, he understood why the map showed no portage trail through this supposed shortcut. He was trapped in a world that was neither land nor water—a waste of decaying vegetation and black quicksand-like muck.

He kicked out desperately at the softness that seemed to be sucking him down, and in his frenzy, it was some time before he realized he was moving the canoe. With most of his weight out, the light craft was sliding over the mire. In this place where he could neither paddle nor portage, he could swim the canoe along with a kind of one-armed, slow-motion sidestroke.

When he'd exhausted himself and climbed into the canoe to rest, he noticed the sun above had slid past noon. He chewed some dried meat from his pack for a lunch and drank sparingly from his canteen. Then, hour after hour, he fought his way on.

Sometimes he found water enough to paddle for a short distance. Occasionally, lines of brush marked firm ground over which to portage. But for the most part, he could make headway through the

→→


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smelly marsh softness only by stroking and kicking with one hand on the canoe.

Time lost all meaning for him until he noticed how low the sun was sinking. Then the thought of being trapped in the swamp by darkness drove him on, even when his legs seemed deadweight in the glue like muck, and the swamp odor choked him as his breaths came in great rasping gasps.

But his progress seemed hopelessly slow in comparison with the vastness of the marshy flatness. And the light in the air was failing fast. He kept trying, foot by foot. But when it was too dark to pick a landmark ahead by compass, he didn't dare go any farther.

It took all his remaining strength to pull his muck-coated body back into the canoe. He felt sick to his stomach—from the swamp, smell, from exhaustion, from hopelessness and defeat. Lying limply on his back with his head on the pack, he pulled his windbreaker over his face to guard against mosquitoes, then dropped off to sleep immediately.

HE WOKE with daylight, snapping up like a startled wild animal and staring around him for a long time before he remembered where he was. Then he flexed his cramped and stiffened muscles awhile, hesitated a moment, and forced himself back into the marsh to begin the slow struggle again.

He'd gone less than 200 yards before he came to water deep enough for paddling. And within a half hour, he had broken out of the swamp entirely and reached the broad open expanse of Darky Lake.

He felt a wild triumph then. He heard himself laughing aloud as he set his pack on a rock, then swamped and drained the canoe to get out the muck. Splashing about in the cold, clean water, he washed his clothes and himself at the same time.

All at once, he felt starved, and he took the time to get a fire going and bake dough above it, gulping down more than a full day's rations for breakfast. It didn't matter; he didn't have to conserve food now. He was halfway across the lake by the time the sun broke fully free of the horizon. His clothes were drying fast in the wind. And after the battle with the swamp, paddling seemed effortless.

Late morning found him threading through the last clusters of islands in Crooked Lake, checking his compass regularly to keep from ending up in a dead-end bay. By late afternoon, stroking steadily and easily with a calm self-sureness he'd never before known, he was moving across Basswood Lake, and the island where he knew he'd find the ranger station was becoming ever more distinct in the hazy distance ahead.

LESS THAN 15 MINUTES after Ted Hanson had told his story and a hurried radio call had gone out, a small plane from Ely was touching down on Basswood, raising twin rooster-tails of spray from its floats as it taxied into the dock. Then Ted was in the air, and the Quetico preserve below was a patternless sprawl of land and water that seemed too tiny to be real.

Following the map, he stared hard to make out the swamp through which he'd struggled. But he couldn't even be sure he was looking at the right place. The site of his daylong ordeal was now nothing more than a width of green between splotches of blue. Those four tortuous miles were once again as insignificant as they had seemed on the map beforehand.

Now the plane was over Sturgeon Lake, its wing shadows stretching huge for a moment to the white-stoned shores. Steadily on to the north they moved, with long hours of canoe travel sliding past beneath them in brief minutes.

"When did you start out?" the pilot wondered.

"Day before yesterday morning," Ted told him.

The man nodded. "That's about right for that trip. Just a good steady pace, without burning yourself out."

Ted Hanson tried for awhile to think of an answer, then gave up. He wasn't really trying to hide the blunder he'd made. But it was a hard thing to tell a stranger, and there wasn't time enough now anyway. Campfire smoke rose from the end of a small lake ahead, and they were dropping down fast past the spruce plumes to the water. Then he could see the tent clearly, and in front of it the figure hobbling hurriedly out on a makeshift crutch with one arm waving eagerly.

There would be time enough to talk it all out with his dad. ■

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The World of Wild Flowers

(Continued from page 29)

you'll ever learn anything is by asking questions."

I, too, believe in asking questions, but I want to ask them where I'll get some dependable answers. To be sure of getting good answers about wild flowers, let's ask Mother Nature some down-to-earth questions.

Why are there wild flowers? What is their function? Why does a wilderness plant produce gorgeous blooms that will never be seen by an appreciative human eye, and fill the air with a fragrant perfume that will never be enjoyed by a human nose? In what way do flowers serve the plant that produces them? Does the plant "put on" these bright colors because of a "desire" to be beautiful? If so, beautiful to whom, or to what? What do flowers "do"? When we have the answers to these basic questions, we will look on a wild flower with new eyes and with a new understanding of its intricate structure.

It would seem that flowers were not intended for *our* enjoyment, because wild flowers existed millions of years before humans appeared. The plant does produce flowers in order to be more attractive, but we are not the ones it is trying to attract. To the plant, flowering is an essential step in the production of seed. In order to produce seeds that will grow, the pollen from the male *stamens* must be transported to the female *pistils* by some outside agent. All that beauty and fragrance, and those pools of delicious, highly flavored nectar, are produced by the plant for the creeping, crawling and flying things that carry the pollen from flower to flower. Most flowers are meant to lure insects, but some are trying to attract nectar-eating bats—the pollen hitch-hiking a ride on the bat's whiskers—and others attract nectar-eating birds—the pollen sticking to the bird's long bill. So some flowers are buggy, some are batty, and some are for the birds.

How did flowers develop? This is another good question, and even an intelligent guess at the answer will help us to understand the function and structure of every living wild flower. Once there were no flowers. For millions of years the only seed-bearing plants were *gymnosperms*, ancestors of our present-day conifers. They depend on the wind to carry their pollen. That this method was successful is proved by the vast forests of conifers that are still around, but it was very inefficient. For every grain of pollen that made a successful boy-meets-girl rendezvous with an ovule, millions failed to make this vital contact and settled in places where their generative power was completely wasted. The number of pollen grains produced by a single pine tree is such a huge figure that it makes our national debt look like small change. I have seen forest lakes completely covered with a scum of pine pollen.

Some of these early gymnosperms had other problems. (You probably know that the conversion of water, carbon dioxide and light into sugar by green plants is the primary industry of the whole world, and the one on which all other life depends.) One problem was that flying insects had developed and some of them were piercing the plants with needle-like beaks, sucking dry the sugar-carrying veins. This wasn't doing the plant much good. Some plants "came up" with an answer to this problem. "If thine enemy be hungry, give him bread to eat." They developed little pools of concentrated sap in places where the insects could eat all the sugar they wanted, without injuring the plants. There was one catch to this free lunch. These pools of sugar syrup accumulated at the bases of the organs that produced its pollen and ovules. When an insect crawled over the pollen-producing organs to get at the sweets, pollen grains stuck to his legs by dozens. Then, when he flew to the ova-producing organs for the second course, the pollen grains hopped off and started wooing the ovules. By putting these former freeloaders to work, the plant had solved both its pollen-distribution problem and its parasite problem. It had transformed its former enemies into its best friends. Now the ovules could all be fertilized without the plant having to rain pollen all over the landscape.

New problems arose. Some of these newly found best friends of the plant began eating the ovules as well as the free nectar. However, while the insects were influencing the plant to change, the plant had been "altering" the insects. The easy living the plants had provided for the insects had led

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to the plants getting soft, literally. That hypodermic-needle beak had, in many cases, been transformed into a weak soda-fountain straw that was useful only for sucking up nectar and unprotected ovules, and would no longer pierce plant tissue. The plant had merely to put the ovules inside a fleshy vessel, which we call an *ovary*, and they were safe. The plant that discovered this solution became the first true *angiosperm*, or "seed in a vessel."

This time the solution to one problem created another one. How were the pollen grains to cuddle up with the ovules when they were imprisoned in a vessel? There is an old saying, "Love will find a way," and it did, with the most fantastic invention in the whole plant kingdom—the pollen tube. The ovary grows thin stalks called *styles*, each topped with a sticky stigma which picks up pollen grains from the legs of any insect that happens to crawl over it on the way to the free soda fountain. As soon as it sticks to a stigma, a pollen grain starts growing a long, exceedingly thin tube down through the style and into the ovary, where it contacts an ovule and fertilizes it. This pollen tube is one of the most amazing growth phenomena in all nature. The distance from the stigma to the ovary is often several inches in large flowers, and may be as much as 18" from the end of the silk to the ovules at the bottom of the car in some varieties of corn. All this growth from a pollen grain that may be less than one-thousandth of an inch in diameter! If the pollen grain were an inch in diameter and grew a tube of proportionate length, it would reach about four miles. The pollen tube makes all that tremendous growth in a few hours.

Somewhere along the line certain plants "came up with a scheme" to get the pollenating insects to do twice as much work for the same pay. They just moved the stamens into the same flowers with the pistils, developing what the botanists call a *perfect* flower. When the insect comes for lunch, he first crawls over the stigmata, leaving pollen from another flower. Then, while he is sipping nectar the stamens dust him with pollen from the *anthers* on top of the thin *filaments* and he carries this pollen to the next flower he visits.

As in the preceding case, the solution of one problem created a new one. When an ovule is fertilized by pollen from the same flower in which it grows, the plant loses its ability to change and adapt to new conditions as they arise. So it was desirable to have a way to insure cross-pollenation. Some flowers solved this problem by growing very long styles with the stigmas towering over the much shorter filaments and anthers of the stamens. The pollenating insect, in crawling into the flower, first left pollen from another flower on the stigmas, then picked up a new load from the stamens for the next flower. Other plants never have mature pollen and mature ovules in the same flower at the same time. These failed to get the insects to do double work but they did "economize" on space and energy by making one flower take the place of two. Many flowers have developed ovules that are infertile to their own pollen. (That is why some kinds of fruit trees won't bear fruit unless another tree of the same kind is planted nearby to pollenate them.) There are other plants that didn't "solve" this problem at all, but settled for inbreeding. Such plants are usually very rigidly true to type with little or no variation, and they run the risk of being wiped out if the environment demands change, for, like some people I know, they are unchangeable.

Now let's look at the diagram of a perfect flower and see if it doesn't begin to make sense. We now know what female pistil and male stamens are all about and even how they mate. Just outside the stamens are the petals, which are collectively known as the *corolla*. These are nature's billboards, advertising free nectar. The pollenating insects know—by the color, shape and size of the petals—which brand is being offered, and they head for the one that is serving the kind they like best. Outside the corolla one finds the whorl of *sepals*, which are collectively known as the *calyx*. The sepals are usually green and when the flower is in bud, these close over it and protect it until the ovules are old enough to begin "considering matrimony." Often around the base of the pistil and stamens you will find the nectar, either out in the open where it can be eaten by any casual visitor, or hidden away so it can be reached only by certain specific insects which pollenate only that kind of plant.

Some wild flowers are actually as regular and orderly as the description

(Continued on page 65)

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A SKY HOOK GYM

By GLENN WAGNER



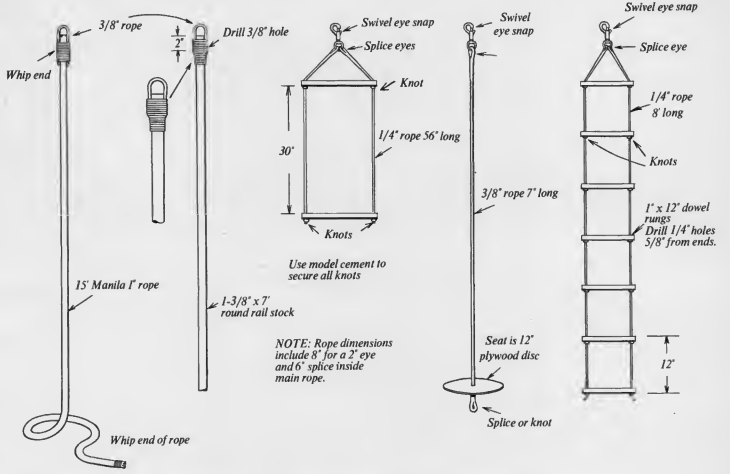
Bars, trapeze, saucer, ladder combination.

Take your choice: climbing pole, climbing rope, flying trapeze, chinning bar, flying saucer, Tarzan swing, monkey swing, sky bar—or sky bar and monkey swings, combined! With this sky hook gym you can set up your own physical-fitness program. The apparatus can be interchanged just as fast as you can unsnap one piece of equipment and snap-fasten another of your choice in its place. It's just as simple as that.

This gym is designed to be used outdoors or indoors. For outdoor use, all you need is a suitable tree limb from which you can hang a large pulley and suspend the sky-hook line. For indoor use, you can use a garage doorway that has an eight-foot clearance, or you can rig up a skyline from a barn timber. All equipment is designed to be hung from a heavy-duty overhead hook or screw eye eight feet above the ground. For installation on an overhead beam or garage doorway, you can use a $\frac{5}{16}$" x 4" screw eye. Just remember to use some kind of mattress or pad underneath the line if there is concrete or hard top paving underneath.

You'll enjoy many pleasant hours with this gym, for it is designed to be used by one, two or three athletes. You can start with one piece of apparatus and add or substitute other equipment as you care to, or as your pocketbook and inventiveness will allow. All the materials are inexpensive. And the ease and security with which the pieces of equipment can be interchanged will keep you busy trying to figure out new combinations.

The gym uses two basic items in its construction: braided polypropylene rope and harness-type snap hooks. Both items can be purchased at most hardware stores or from mail-order houses. Braided polypropylene rope is used because it is so easy to splice. A splice in this rope gets tighter the more you pull on it. Two sizes of rope are used: $\frac{3}{8}$" and $\frac{1}{4}$". A plastic splicing fid is usually furnished with 50 foot lengths of rope. Snap hooks come in two sizes, depending upon whether the eye is the swiveling type or non-swiveling kind. The swivel eye snap has an eye for $\frac{5}{8}$" rope, the non-swivel eye snap has an open eye which must be squeezed together and is cataloged as $\frac{3}{8}$" size. The snap-hook portion for each hook is the same size. You can use



Climbing rope and Tarzan swing | **Climbing pole** | **Flying trapeze and chinning bar** | **Flying saucer** | **Rope ladder**







Sky bar and monkey swings in action.

either type the swivel eye snap is preferred.

The drawing gives the principal dimensions for each piece of equipment. The rope lengths allow eight inches for each splice—a two-inch eye and six inches for splicing the end inside the main rope. If the rope is knotted instead of spliced, the knot should be covered with model or household cement to keep it from slipping. ■

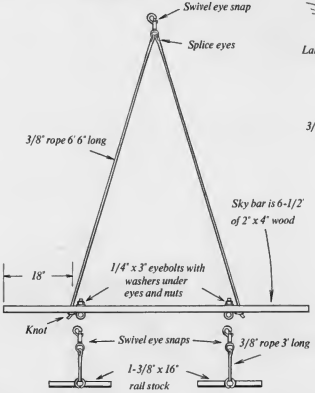




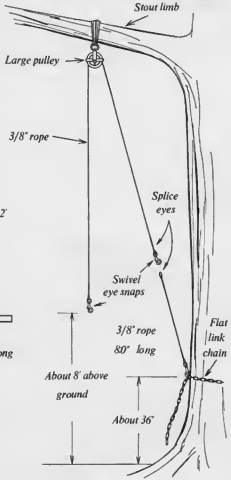
Above left: Climbing pole. Above right: Climbing rope and Tarzan swing. Left: Swivel snap and plain snap. Right: Steps in splicing braided polypropylene rope: 1) Insert end of rope in plastic lid, force lid under two layers of braid strands and push it down toward center of rope. 2) Pull out lid about five inches farther and tighten splice. 3) Eye with a swivel snap attached.



Monkey swing

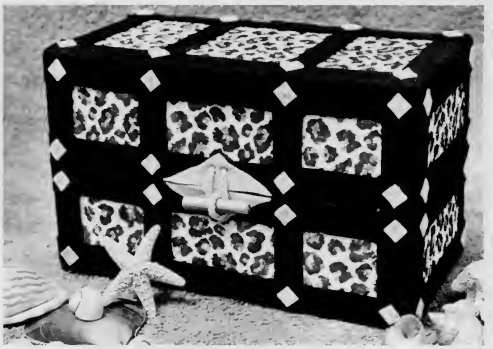


Sky bar and monkey swings



Sky hook installation

October Cub Scout Theme: Buccaneer



BUCCANEER TREASURE CHEST

Pirates bold, in days of old, kept their loot in treasure chests. These large boxes were made of iron plate, bound around the edges and across the top and sides with heavy iron bands. The bands were riveted to the chest. A cover was secured by massive hinges and locked by means of a large hasp and padlock. Designs of old treasure chests vary in outline, size and ornamentation.

You can relive the exciting days of the buccaneer and his booty by making this model of a treasure chest. The chest may be any size, but this one is especially suited for housing many hobby collections and will not take up much room or need a lot of materials to construct.

It is made with the bottoms of two women's shoeboxes which measure six inches wide, 11¾" long and 3½" deep; finished size of chest is 11¾" long, six inches deep and seven inches high. The boxes are hinged together along one side, covered with suitable cloth or paper and bound with strips of black felt to simulate the iron bands. The rivets are ½" square pieces of felt glued into position. The hasp is made with two short lengths of ⅛" braided Venetian-blind cord; the locking pin is a two-inch length of ⅜" wood dowel.

The chest shown here was covered with pieces of leopard-skin-design terry cloth (gold and black spots on a white background), the "iron bands" were black felt, the rivets and hasp were yellow felt. This makes a striking color combination.

As shown in the photo below (left), the shoeboxes are taped together with a two-inch-wide strip of adhesive tape along one side. This acts as a hinge for opening the chest. Then the boxes are covered with suitable cloth, paper or other material to decorate the chest. Let glue dry.

Next, (photo below, right) glue four two-inch-wide strips of black felt along each corner, allowing a little extra length for trimming and pasting down the corners. Now glue one-inch strips just above and below the edges of your shoeboxes, which will open and shut.

Finally, punch two horizontal holes in the front of the top lid and two vertical holes in the bottom section for your rope loops. Insert the ropes and apply glue inside the box to secure the ends. File a small groove around the center of a short dowel to center it when it is inserted through the loop as shown in the picture above. ■

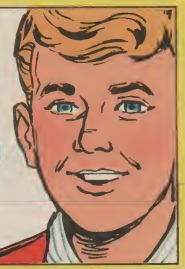




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FOR BOYS 8 THRU 10—This is the uniform that only Cub Scouts can wear. The complete uniform includes: Blue Cap (801) $1.40, Blue Shirt (805) $4.75, Blue Trousers (825) $5.25, Blue Web Belt (813) 70¢, Blue Cotton Socks (841) 63¢, Cub Scout Neckerchief (802) 55¢, Metal Slide (800) 25¢.

FOR GUYS 11 THRU 13—You'll look great in this rugged Boy Scout uniform that includes: Khaki Field Cap (504) $1.30, Khaki Shirt (647) $4.95, Khaki Trousers (650) $5.50, Khaki Web Belt (529) 70¢, Khaki Cotton Socks (549) 63¢, Metal Slide (601) 25¢, One Color Neckerchief 55¢.

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$13.50	**$13.25**
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PEE WEE HARRIS

originated by PERCY K. FITZHUGH





















Stories from THE BIBLE

JOSHUA

JOSHUA 1-2:5

AFTER THE DEATH OF MOSES THE LORD PUT JOSHUA IN COMMAND OF THE CHILDREN OF ISRAEL.

THE LORD TOLD JOSHUA TO BE STRONG AND COURAGEOUS FOR HE, THE LORD, WOULD BE WITH HIM ALWAYS.

JOSHUA CALLED THE LEADERS TOGETHER AND COMMANDED THEM TO HAVE THEIR PEOPLE PREPARE FOOD AND BE READY WITHIN THREE DAYS TO CROSS THE JORDAN RIVER TO THE PROMISED LAND.

THEN HE SENT TWO MEN AS SPIES TO LOOK OVER THE LAND, PARTICULARLY THE WALLED CITY OF JERICHO. THE ISRAELITES KNEW THEY MUST CAPTURE THAT STRONGHOLD BEFORE THEY COULD POSSESS THE LAND SECURELY.

ENTERING THE CITY, THE TWO RENTED A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF A WOMAN NAMED RAHAB.

BUT THEY WERE SEEN, AND THE KING OF JERICHO SENT SOLDIERS TO THE WOMAN'S HOUSE. THE WOMAN HID THE TWO MEN AND TOLD THE SOLDIERS THEY HAD BEEN THERE, BUT HAD LEFT.

69122

ADVERTISEMENT

CO_2 shooting grows up . . . . .

Sleek free-style design, slick semi-automatic action . . . this gas-operated rifle has everything you need to take a big step forward in shooting fun. It shoots B-Bs for top economy. And gets plenty of mileage from standard or giant CO_2 Jetts, thanks to our exclusive shooting system.

(No "O" rings to fail!) There's plenty of zing for accuracy in the woods or on the range. But sensible power, so you can actually shoot indoors in a basement or family room. Just tape a target to a box filled with wadded newspaper. Or use a DAISY Targetex portable target.





..it's the $CO_2$300 by Daisy

Feed: 5-shot semi-automatic; instant loading arm to 200-shot reserve magazine.

Length: 37¼"; free-style wood-grained Lustran® stock

Safety: Cross-bolt trigger safety.

Sights: Fully adjustable open rear; blade front.

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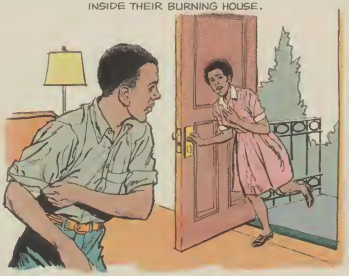
DAISY/HEADON, ROGERS, ARKANSAS 72756
DIVISION VICTOR COMPTOMETER CORPORATION

A TRUE STORY OF SCOUTS IN ACTION

By ALSTEN



AS NELSON COSBY, 15, WAS DRESSING ON THE MORNING OF FEB. 3, 1968, AT HIS HOME IN TWIN OAKS, PA., A NEIGHBOR RUSHED IN, CRYING THAT HER THREE CHILDREN WERE TRAPPED INSIDE THEIR BURNING HOUSE.



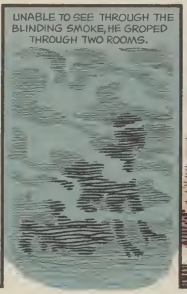
NELSON RAN TO THE HOUSE, BUT BECAUSE OF THE FLAMES AND INTENSE HEAT COULDN'T ENTER BY EITHER THE FRONT OR BACK DOOR...



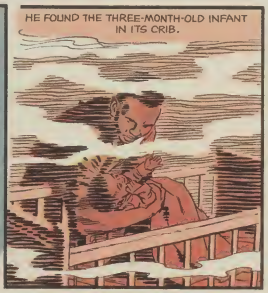
NELSON RACED TO THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE, SMASHED A WINDOW AND CLIMBED INSIDE.



UNABLE TO SEE THROUGH THE BLINDING SMOKE, HE GROPED THROUGH TWO ROOMS.



HE FOUND THE THREE-MONTH-OLD INFANT IN ITS CRIB.



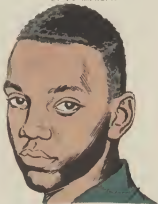
NELSON RUSHED OUTSIDE WITH THE CHILD. HE THEN TRIED TO GET BACK INTO THE HOUSE TO FIND THE OTHER TWO CHILDREN.



BUT BY NOW THE ENTIRE HOUSE WAS A MASS OF ROARING FLAMES.



FOR HIS HEROISM, EXPLORER NELSON COSBY WAS AWARDED THE GOLD MEDAL OF HONOR BY THE NATIONAL COURT OF HONOR, BOY SCOUTS OF AMERICA.



NELSON IS A MEMBER OF POST 388, SPONSORED BY SUN OIL CO., MARCUS HOOK, PA.

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1. Contest open to any resident of the United States, except employees of Western Auto or Western Auto dealers and their families.
2. Entries must be made on Official Contest Entry blanks available in Western Auto Advertising or Western Auto Stores.
3. Each entry must be filled in completely and correctly.
4. Contest will run from August 1 to September 30, 1969.
5. Taxes, if any, are not included in prizes.
6. Void where prohibited by state or local laws.
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AS THE LEADER OF MY PATROL I WILL DO MY BEST TO:

- LEARN ALL I CAN ABOUT MY JOB IN ORDER TO BE A GOOD LEADER.
- PLAN AND LEAD GOOD PATROL MEETINGS AND ACTIVITIES.
- GIVE EVERY MEMBER A DEFINITE JOB SO EACH WILL HAVE A PART IN PATROL ACTIVITIES.
- KEEP AHEAD ON ADVANCEMENT SO I AM PREPARED AT ALL TIMES TO TEACH PATROL MEMBERS.
- BE THOUGHTFUL OF MY FELLOW SCOUTS AND A FRIEND TO ALL OF THEM.
- LIVE THE SCOUT OATH AND LAW AND COACH MY PATROL MEMBERS TO DO THE SAME.
- QUALIFY TO TAKE MY PATROL HIKING AND CAMPING.
- WEAR MY UNIFORM CORRECTLY AND NEATLY SO MY SCOUTS WILL TOO.

AS A LEADER IN MY TROOP I WILL DO MY BEST TO:

- TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN THE PATROL LEADERS' COUNCIL.
- SEE THAT MY PATROL IS PREPARED TO TAKE AN ACTIVE PART IN ALL ACTIVITIES.
- WORK WITH MY SCOUTMASTER AND OTHER TROOP LEADERS TO MAKE THE TROOP RUN WELL.







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COLLECTS FEES FOR HIKES AND CAMPS. KEEPS A RECORD OF PAYMENTS.

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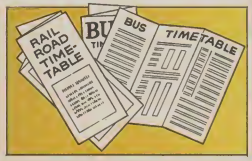
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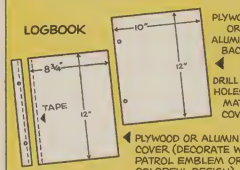
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KEEPS **PATROL RECORD** BOOK. LISTS DETAILS OF EACH PATROL MEMBER-HIS ADVANCEMENT, DUES RECORD, ETC.

ACTS AS PATROL LIBRARIAN IF NECESSARY.

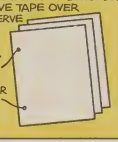


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DEVELOPS FOOD LIST FOR HIKES AND CAMPS BASED ON WHAT THE PATROL LIKES TO EAT.

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PURCHASES FOOD.

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LEADS PATROL YELL, PATROL SONG.

HELPS PATROL LEADER MAINTAIN PATROL SPIRIT.



THIS SAME ORGANIZATION CAN BE USED WITH SMALLER OR LARGER PATROLS. WITH A PATROL OF SIX, THE ASSISTANT PATROL LEADER CAN ALSO BE HIKEMASTER; THE SCRIBE AND TREASURER CAN BE THE SAME SCOUT. WITH A PATROL OF TEN, NAME ASSISTANTS—LIKE AN ASSISTANT GRUBMASTER, ASSISTANT HIKEMASTER, OR INVENT USEFUL NEW JOBS LIKE PATROL LIBRARIAN, PHOTOGRAPHER, HISTORIAN.

64-70

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Catalina Campout

(Continued from page 33)

to avoid sticking a finger in a moray mouth when unhooking them. The morays swarm around Catalina, seeking the flesh of a shellfish called the abalone.

Kermit Carter, Pat Luccio and Mike Goldman donned masks, snorkels and fins to dive for the abalone. For in California these big cousins to snails are highly prized as food for man. The divers pried the abalones from rocks in a quick motion. They half pried and half cut the meat from the shell, cleaned it and pounded the tough edible portion with a mallet. Dipped in flour and fried quickly, abalone is a delicious meal

Most of the Scouts tried snorkeling. Instead of abalone, they went after silver dollars—small shellfish easily visible in the shallow, sandy water close to shore. Everyone avoided getting out too far from the beach. The water off Catalina is extremely deep, dropping to a depth of 300 feet fairly close to the island's rugged shore.

Clarence Clark turned out to be a good fisherman. Once he pulled in his line and on the end was a Pacific lobster, a rare catch on a fishing line. But lobsters were not in season, so the Scouts didn't try to catch the ones they spotted scooting about on the ocean floor.

Water polo was popular. And the Scouts had fun tossing around Frisbies. Swimming was the most popular activity. After breakfast, as soon as the mist had cleared from the beach, the Scouts swam. Then again in the afternoon and often in the evening.

Caesar Wiley hooked a two-pound bass, the largest fish landed. When the skindivers came up with a baby octopus, Doug Miller let it crawl on his arm. Normally rather mildmannered, the tiny creature nipped Doug's arm. After that, no one fooled around with the miniature octopuses.

When the Scouts tired of swimming and fishing, they hiked into the rugged hills and cliffs surrounding their campsite. One group found some caves and everyone crowded in to eat lunch. Another bunch killed a rattlesnake that made menacing motions. Hikers walked up and up, finally stopping at a height 1,000 feet above the beach.

The boats that were supposed to bring water to the Scouts never showed up. So photographer Gene Daniels swam out to a passing boat to borrow some water. And he managed to get word to the island's headquarters that the Scouts were in bad need of drinking water. The water boat came, but not before everyone discovered what it would really be like to live on a desert island.

Catalina island isn't too much different from the California mainland. Its mist-blown peaks are the tops of old mountains resting on the ocean floor. The higher, rugged slopes are covered with chapparal and cactus and thorny trees. The island first was discovered in 1542 by a Portuguese navigator named Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, who worked for the Spanish crown. He called the island San Salvador. But when Sebastian Viscaino saw the island 60 years later, he called it Santa Catalina—after St. Catherina. Modern Californians nearly always refer to the island simply as "Catalina."

Before the Scouts realized it, their six days slipped by. And finally the water taxi returned for them. Waiting to take them back to the mainland was the fishing boat *Liberty* from Long Beach's Pierpoint Landing. Again, a captain had offered free transportation. In two hours the Scouts were back in the continental U.S.A. ■



"Listen, kid, On these rebounds. . . ."

The World of Wild Flowers

(Continued from page 51)

given here, but please don't expect them all to be that way. This is the way the botany manual says they should look, but most of the wild flowers I examine seem never to have read the book. The changing and remodeling the plant had to do to produce the perfect flowers we see today did not happen in a few weeks or even in a few centuries. The daddy of Mother Nature's offspring is always Father Time. It took millions of generations to achieve this perfection.

Many plants failed to make it all the way, and today we can still examine live plants in every stage between the primitive conifers and those producing perfect flowers. Some plants still produce the pollen and ovules in separate flowers on the same plant, while others even bear them on separate plants. Your English teacher might object if you wrote of a tree as "he," but some willows, poplars and others are definitely male. You may have trouble locating the pistil, stamens and other organs in such flowers as daisies, dandelions and black-eyed Susans—until you look very closely and discover that here is really a large number of individual flowers crowding together in what looks like one conspicuous bloom. On these same flowers you can see another example of cooperation and division of labor in nature. The outer flowers on many kinds of these composite blooms can no longer bear seed. Their task is to grow the colored, strap-like petals that surround the bloom in order to attract pollen-carrying insects so their neighbors can develop seeds capable of germination. You will find many other such strange variations and adaptions which will help you realize that, however slowly, nature is forever in a state of change and development.

I love wild flowers in more ways than one. If I am camping when the fragrant white clusters of black locust blossoms cover the trees, I gather a few of these grape-like clusters, make a fritter batter of some biscuit mix, milk, an egg and some sugar; dip each cluster in the batter, then fry it in deep fat. They are delicious. The clusters of elderberry blossom can be fried in the same way, as can the large orange-colored blossoms of the day lilies that grow by so many roadsides. Sometimes I don't even let the day lilies bloom, but pick off the unopened buds and cook and serve them exactly as I would green beans. A noble vegetable. Eating flowers really shouldn't seem strange to us. Cauliflower and broccoli are both flower buds of the plants that bear them.

You probably have yet to learn that a flower quite recently. Have you eaten a peach, a plum, a cherry or most any other fruit? Remember those fleshy vessels the flower developed to protect the ovules? Well, most of the fruit that you eat is this ovary, grown large and matured. How did the plant happen to develop that little protective ovary into the sweet, luscious fruits which we all enjoy? While we can only surmise the answer, the very conjecture will help us to understand the wild flower and its function and structure.

We have seen how plants solved the problems of pollenation so they could produce seed that would grow. But they still had problems. One was that seeds tended to fall straight down from where they were ripened, and crowd one another, trying to grow right under the parent plant. How much better it would be if the plant could invent some way to send its seed on a journey where it could pick out a new location in which to grow. Different plants have solved this problem in many different ways. Some—the cottonwoods and milkweeds are good examples—grew very lightweight seed with streamers of silk attached to them, so the wind would carry them off and scatter them far and wide. Others, and here the maple and the ash are examples, grew wings on the ovary which enclosed the seed; then, when the ripened fruit dropped. It went whirling off like a helicopter. Still others, such as the wild touch-me-not, often called the jewelweed, and the witch hazel, went in for artillery. They developed the ovary into a seedpod which would break open with explosive force when the seeds were ripe, throwing them many feet from the plant. Others—and here some examples are beggar-ticks, cockleburs, cleavers and burdock—grew spines or sticky bristles on the ovary, and, when the seed was ripe, these would steal a ride in the fur of a passing animal to a new location.

But there were other plants, and quite a few of them, that developed the inspired solution, "Love your enemies." Win over those that are harming you and make them into helpers. One could almost say that nature remembered how it had changed parasites into pollen carriers and decided to try something in that line again. Mammals and birds had developed, and some of them were a nuisance. They were eating leaves and roots to get the little sugar they had in them. A plant happened to build an ovary out of plant tissue compounds that became sweet as the seed ripened. An animal took this fruit and ate it, dropping the seeds in a new place. Now the race was on. The plant which could produce the sweetest and best fruit would attract the most animals, which would scatter its seeds the farthest, so the very best wild fruits became most widely scattered and most often survived to produce others of its kind.

Now we can answer that question about why plants developed delicious fruits. They grow those fruits as a free gift to passing animals, even if some of those animals happen to be wearing Boy Scout uniforms. The animals, in turn, unconsciously scatter the seeds of the plants. So when you stop to eat wild cherries, blueberries or ripe persimmons while on a hike, you are playing the role nature intended you to play. Get out to the fields and woods—there is a world of fascinating nature lore as well as some mighty fine food waiting for you. ■

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Blasting Cap Safety Bookmark

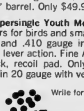
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PROGRAM HELPS

OCTOBER

Program Helps is designed to assist boys and leaders by listing features in this issue of Boys' Life that will help with activities, advancement, crafts and next month's Cub Scout and Boy Scout themes. The Cub Scout theme for October is Buccaneer Days; the Boy Scout theme is Nature Know-How. The meaning of the key letters to the left of the titles below: C—article pertains to Cub Scout program; B—Boy Scout program; E—Explorer program.

CBE Page 4 . . . **NATURE** . . . **Bear—Wildlife Conservation; Webelos—Naturalist** . . . **Second Class Wildlife Identification** . . . **Explorer citizenship and outdoor areas.**

CBE Page 8 . . . SPORTS . . . Wolf—Feats of Skill; Bear—Sports; Webelos—Sportsman . . . Athletics and Personal Fitness merit badges . . . Explorer personal fitness area.

BE **Page 10 . . . SCOUTING TIPS . . . October Scout theme; Conservation of Natural Resources merit badge . . . Explorer outdoor area.**

CBE Page 12 . . . HOBBY HOWS . . . Webelos—Scientist . . . Chemistry merit badge . . . Explorer vocational area.

BE **Page 14 . . . CONSERVATION . . . October Scout theme; Conservation of Natural Resources merit badge . . . Explorer outdoor, vocational areas.**

CB Page 16 . . . SCOUTCRAFT . . . Webelos—Outdoorsman . . . Second Class Hiking; First Class Camping; Camping merit badge.

B **Page 20 . . . AUTOS . . . Automotive Safety merit badge.**

CBE Page 28 . . . AN INTRODUCTION TO THE WORLD OF WILD FLOWERS . . . Wolf—Gardening; Webelos—Naturalist . . . October Scout theme; Botany merit badge . . . Explorer outdoor area.

B **Page 32 . . . CATALINA CAMPOUT . . . Second and First Class Scout Oath and Law . . . Camping merit badge.**

B Page 36 . . . SHOWING THE WAY . . . Horsemanship merit badge.

C **Page 52 . . . CUB SCOUT PAGES . . . October Cub theme—Buccaneer Days; Wolf—Feats of Skill; Bear—Woodworking; Webelos—Athlete, Craftsman.**

B Page 62 . . . PEDRO PATROL . . . Patrol members' jobs and duties.

CBE **Page 74 . . . STAMPS AND COINS . . . Wolf—Collections . . . Stamp Collecting merit badge.**

CB Page 80 . . . SLIDE OF THE MONTH . . . Wolf—Whittling; Webelos—Craftsman . . . Wood Carving merit badge.

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The Thing in the Tower

(Continued from page 35)

which was only two feet high and hidden from view by the willow branches; huddled against one of the walls, they were able to make themselves more comfortable.

Before long the rain stopped, and brilliant sunshine gave a green and gold glow to their shelter.

"Look," said Bill, "there are paving stones under all those fallen leaves and dirt."

"Let's clean out some of the mess and see if we can find anything," said Pete. They started to scrape the debris aside and—

"Look at this," Bill said. "I think it's a grave. There's writing on it."

He pointed to a stone larger than the others and circular in shape. On it were carved some words, with a cross at the top and bottom.

CAVE
HOC OSTIUM EST
SPELUNCAE VERMIS
PERICULOSA
ANTIOCHI

"Latin," said Pete.

"The first word is English—Cave," said Bill.

"No, it's not," said Pete. "That's Latin too. It means 'Beware,' I think."

They puzzled over the meaning of the words in silence for a while.

"Tell you what," said Chuck, shivering in his wet clothes. "Let's go get something dry to put on. It's lunch time anyway. Maybe Mrs. Manners or that butler can help us with this."

Mrs. Manners insisted on serving the boys lunch in the big dining room. When asked about the stone, she looked frightened, and announced that there had been an old cemetery in that place but that they ought to stay away from it. She would say no more.

While the boys were eating, the sky clouded over again and the rain came lashing against the leaded windows.

"Nuts," said Bill. "That puts an end to exploring and finding out about that stone."

"We ought to go to the library anyway and see whether we can translate what was written on it," said Pete.

"Right," said Chuck. "Maybe it will tell us something about what we would be getting into if we moved the stone. I'd hate to move it and find a moldy old coffin underneath. . ."

"With the lid all broken in and a couple of skulls grinning up at you," said Bill, who loved the macabre.

"You know," said Chuck, "if it is a grave, we ought to leave it alone."

"Who said anything about disturbing it? All we decided to do is find out what's written on the stone."

On the way to the library the boys met Adams, who, when he was outside the castle, was gardener and groom, and when he was inside was the butler. He was a stocky, gray-haired man, perhaps 60 years of age, and very powerfully built. His face was red and shiny and his eyes a sparkling blue.

"Anything I can do for you, young masters?" he asked.

"Yes," said Chuck. "We found a stone under the willow by the Lady Deep with some writing on it. Wonder if you know anything about it?"

"Whereabouts by the willow?" asked Adams.

"There's a kind of ruined hut there and the stone is in the floor," said Chuck.

"Don't you go anywhere near that place, young masters," said Adams, his ruddy face going quite white. Adams looked about, up and down the corridor, as if afraid of being observed or overheard. Then he signaled the boys to follow and led them into the library.

"I'm not supposed to tell you anything about this," he said. "If word got out that I'd said anything, your uncle would have my head off, he would. But I don't think it's right for you to be in this place and not be warned."

"Warned of what?" asked Chuck.

"The Strangler," whispered Adams. "Strangler," said Bill, a little weakly.

"Hush, young master," said Adams. "Remember, not a word. It isn't a man I'm talking about, this Strangler, but a monster. A Thing that lives in the Antioch Tower and can get out of there through the walls of this castle—they're full of tunnels—and strangle people while they're asleep. Yes and more than that—eat them too."

"You're kidding," said Pete.

"If you mean that I'm trying to pull the wool over your eyes, then I won't say a word more," said Adams stiffly.

"I didn't mean any offense," said Pete. "It's just an expression."

"You say it strangles and eats people," said Chuck. "What kind of a thing is it?"

"A monster," said Adams. "Oh it's been seen—seen by many. Only they won't say anything about it. Because they're afraid."

"Has Mrs. Manners seen it?" asked Bill.

"No, but it has a kind of a rank smell it gives off when it is near, and she has smelled that. She ran screaming out of the kitchen once, and wouldn't go back for a week. Why do you think the master has only two of us to do the work in this castle—and me doing both the inside and the outside work? I'll tell you why. Because nobody else will work here—nobody will stay here after dark. It's not safe. Not safe at any time, but particularly after dark."

"Aren't *you* scared?" asked Pete.

"No," said Adams. "Because I've got a talisman." He reached in his pocket and produced a disk of brightly polished brass, curiously carved.

"That looks like one of those things they used to put on the harness of horses," said Chuck.

"That's just what it is," said Adams. "But do you know *why* they used to put them on the harness of horses?"

"To ward off the evil eye," said Chuck.

"Right. The evil eye or any kind of evil. People knew about evil in those days and how to deal with it. Evil didn't go from the world when they

(Continued on next page)



Ara Parseghian

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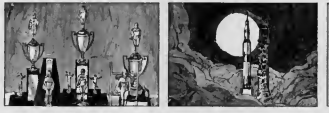
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invented motorcars and electric lights."

"Look," said Pete. "You say this thing strangles people and eats them. You know of anyone who was eaten by this Strangler?"

For answer Adams pointed dramatically to a dark-toned portrait in oil which hung on a wall of the library. The boys could not see the portrait very well because the light shone on the varnish. But on the bottom of the frame was a brass plate engraved with the words:

ROBERT OF REDWOOD
Strangled and devoured
by the monster of
the Antioch Tower—1782.

"Wow," said Bill. "Is that true?" Adams nodded solemnly.

"Seventeen-eighty-two," said Pete. "That's close to 200 years ago. If there ever was such a thing, it must be dead by now."

"Unless it had young," said Chuck.

"Or could live a thousand years the way they say that monster in Loch Ness has done," said Pete.

At that moment Mrs. Manners appeared at the door, and looked suspiciously at Adams. "I hope you have remembered what the master told us before he went to London," she said.

"I have," said Adams, giving the boys a hidden wink. "I haven't forgotten it at all."

"Well you'd better go around the upper floors and see that all the windows are shut—before dark," she added and went away. Adams followed her.

"Before dark?" said Bill. It was scarcely past noon. "I guess there's a lot of windows," said Pete as Adams left. "Let's see what we can find out about the wording on the stone."

The boys found four Latin dictionaries, but then they couldn't find the words "hoc" or "est" in any dictionary and Chuck announced that he thought Latin was a stupid language anyway and he couldn't understand why anybody had ever invented it. Finally they arrived at the following translation:

Beware
Hoc door est
Cave Worm
Dangerous
Antioch.

"What do they mean by 'Cave worm'?" asked Bill. "I've heard of caveman, but never of a cave worm. It doesn't make sense."

"It has to make sense," said Pete. "Just because people wrote in Latin doesn't mean they wrote gibberish. Just a minute. I think I'm getting somewhere. Suppose 'hoc' means 'this' and 'est' means 'is' then it reads: 'BEWARE—This door is CAVE WORM DANGEROUS ANTIOCH.' "

"Gobbledygoop," said Bill.

"Wait," said Pete. "I remember something. The Romans didn't put their words in sentences in the same order we do. They put the verb at the end and didn't have a word for 'the.' Let's move things around. How about this: BEWARE—THIS IS THE DOOR OF THE CAVE WORM DANGEROUS ANTIOCH."

"Great," said Chuck. "Write that down!"

They wrote it down and studied it. "I've got it," said Bill. "It should read: BEWARE—THIS IS THE DOOR OF THE CAVE OF THE DANGEROUS ANTIOCH WORM."

"Dangerous Antioch worm?" said Chuck. "What's dangerous about a worm?"

They looked at each other, puzzled. "I seem to have heard," said Pete, "that in the old days people called serpents and dragons, worms. Guys, we've found the door to the cave where the Strangling Monster of the Antioch Tower lives!"

"I'm not going near it," said Bill. "Me neither," said Chuck.

"What's the matter with you guys?" demanded Pete. "You believe all that stuff old Adams told you? Don't you want to be famous? I can see the headlines now—YANKS UNEARTH MONSTER."

"I can see them too," said Bill. "VACATIONING YANKS EATEN."

"Are you crazy?" asked Pete. "Are you going to go back to the States and tell the guys you found something like this—and then did nothing about it?"

"Yes," said Bill. "That's just what I'm going to do."

"Maybe *you* are, but I'm not. After dinner, as soon as it's dark, I'm going there with a flashlight and some tools and I'm going to find out about that old worm. Boy! Just supposing I get that stone moved and come face to face with a prehistoric dinosaur."

"That's just what I have been supposing," said Chuck, glancing at the portrait of Robert of Redwood. "And that's why I say we should drop it." But he knew from the gleam in Pete's eye that his cause was lost.

AFTER DINNER, using a pickax, they had no great difficulty in moving the stone. It revealed a tunnel about two feet wide which sunk like the mouth of a well into the ground. The flashlight showed that this tunnel or well was not more than four feet deep. There was an inch or two of water from the rain in it, but Pete lowered himself in and found that it moved off parallel to the ground and was just wide enough for him to crawl into. He turned his flashlight down the tunnel first and the beam disappeared into nothing.

"It's real long," he said nervously. "You guys coming?"

"We have a choice?" grunted Chuck and dropped into the well, Pete having already crawled into the horizontal tunnel.

"Supposing that thing is waiting around a corner of this tunnel for us?" said Bill.

"Supposing you shut up," said Pete's muffled voice from ahead.

They could go forward only slowly, handicapped by the smallness of the tunnel, the water in the bottom and the fact that in several places the roof had collapsed so they had to shovel stones and dirt aside to wriggle through. After half an hour of this kind of work, Pete said, "Hey, here's the end of the tunnel."

He scurried along and, finding room around him, stood up. The other two followed and found themselves in a chamber, perhaps 15 feet in diameter, the walls made of gray stones. The chamber was empty except for a huge iron basket in the center supported on a tripod. Chuck touched it with his fingers and part of the iron crumbled like paper.

"It's an old brazier," he said. "For burning charcoal to keep the place warm."

"We must be in the basement of the Antioch Tower," said Pete. "Someone lived here. But where's the door?"

Bill had been flashing his light around the upper part of the chamber. Suddenly he stiffened.

"You hear anything, you guys?" he whispered.

They didn't have to reply. They all heard it, a heavy sound like breathing, coming from the tunnel.

"It's coming after us," said Chuck and they backed away to the opposite side of the chamber. The breathing sound, with a slight moan, continued, and seemed for a while to get louder. Then it died away.

Pete gave a nervous laugh. "It's the wind," he said. "It's blowing across the hole at the other end of the tunnel."

"I feel as if something is watching me," said Bill. "And that smell is pretty awful. Let's get out of here."

"Through the tunnel?" asked Pete.

Nobody liked that idea. They turned their flashlight around the rest of the chamber. There was a wide shelf about two feet below the roof, supported by pillars running up the wall of the chamber. Suddenly in the beam of their flashlight they saw a coil that looked like old rope lying on the shelf above one of the pillars. But the coil was much bigger than rope, it was about the size of heavy cable and one end was stretched snake-like along the shelf and dangled over the edge.

"That's it," whispered Chuck backing into Pete. "That's the Thing."

"The Strangling Beast," said Pete and he moved back, too. Then the flashlight went out, and they felt their flesh crawl. Bill cried out, "Something's touching me! Something's touching me!"

"Shut up!" yelled Chuck. "It's me. I'm trying to get the light to work."

After an appalling length of time, the flashlight turned on again and they directed the beam at the Thing over their heads. They stared at it, petrified, examining the evil coils in the light.

"It isn't moving," whispered Pete. "Say. Look. There are pieces of mortar and stone on its back. I think it's dead."

This encouraged everybody. Cautiously they moved nearer.

"It's what's left of a boa constrictor or a python," said Pete shakily. "Gosh. It's been dead for ages. I can see the skull through the withered skin on its head. And look. You can see the ribs and the backbone."

"What's that white thing beside it?" asked Chuck recovering his courage. "Here. Help me up till I get it."

The white thing proved to be a sheet of paper and on it was written:

Be sure to dry yourselves properly and go back to bed now. You'll find a way out on the part of the ledge opposite the Strangling Beast. Uncle George.

"That old fox," said Pete. "He knew we'd come here all the time. I'll bet he put Adams and Mrs. Manners up to it."

WHEN UNCLE GEORGE RETURNED from London some days later he said nothing to the boys for a full day, waiting for them to say something first. But they refused to oblige and it wasn't until the second day after his return, at dinner, that Uncle George broke down, unable to contain his curiosity.

"Well," he said, "Have you any questions to ask me?"

"Questions about what?" asked Pete innocently.

"Oh yes," said Chuck. "Did you clear up the trouble about the cargo of wool?"

"Bah," said Uncle George, "you know very well what I'm talking about. Any questions about the Strangling Monster."

"OK," said Pete. "You're one up on us. You baited a trap and we fell for it. But we didn't go in through the Antioch Tower," and they told him how they had gained entrance to the chamber where the serpent had lived.

"Very interesting," said Uncle George. "You went through the back door, huh? Real explorers."

"How did a boa constrictor get into England?" asked Chuck.

"Eighteenth-century naturalists," said Uncle George. "About the time your Thomas Jefferson was making his experiments in America, the same sort of thing was going on here. Wealthy people were importing all kinds of new plants and animals to see whether they could be naturalized. Some brought animals and established private zoos. And the owner of this castle at that time, a certain Sir George Wesley, thought he would like to have his own private serpent or dragon—George and the Dragon, you know.

"So he imported a small python from Africa. He kept it in the bottom of the Antioch Tower and fed it rats and chickens and so on, and it grew to a respectable size. It got out several times. In fact it used to disappear in the summer for days at a time. Once it got into the castle and during the night strangled and ate Robert of Redwood, as Adams has perhaps told you."

"Adams certainly did," said Chuck.

"Favorite story of Adams's," said Uncle George. "Very bad portrait that, by the way. Can hardly see it because of the light on the varnish. I don't suppose that Adams remembered to tell you that Robert of Redwood was a foxhound."

"A foxhound?" echoed all three boys together.

"Best in this part of the country in the day," said Uncle George. "So good he was a bit pampered in his old age and allowed to run around the castle instead of being confined to the kennels. Odd way to die, though—eaten by a python. Anyway, as you can imagine, someone coming across a 15-foot python in the dark does not have to be attacked to spread some terrible stories about it. Sir George discovered that the serpent was getting out through that tunnel and so put the stone with the Latin inscription over it.

"But in so doing, he signed the death warrant of his dragon. That tunnel provided ventilation for the dragon's chamber, which was heated by the charcoal brazier in the middle. With the ventilation cut off, the python soon died. You boys will immediately know the cause."

"Suffocation?" suggested Chuck.

"Carbon-monoxide poisoning," said Uncle George. "Really, don't they teach you anything in school these days? The day the stone was put in place, the chamber filled with carbon-monoxide gas from the charcoal and when Sir George came to find his dragon, he was very nearly killed himself."

They were silent for a time while the boys considered this story.

"Why do you let people believe that Strangling Monster stuff then?" asked Chuck.

"Excellent fishing in the Lady Deep," said Sir George airily. "Tench, chub, roach and quite big carp. Pity if the fishing were ruined by poachers at night. People don't pay any attention to notices these days, and I can't afford a gamekeeper."

He took a deep sip of his coffee. "Well, as I said, the fishing is excellent in the Lady Deep and if you care to, we can all go down and try our luck tonight."

"Not tonight," said Chuck thoughtfully.

"Why not?" demanded Uncle George.

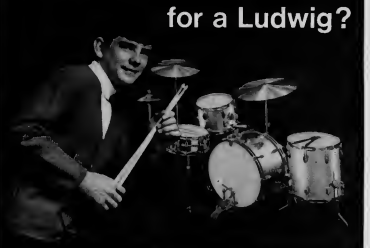
"What about that Singing Skull? It's full moon tonight."

"Oh, never mind that," said Uncle George impatiently. "Perfectly harmless. Stays in the Tower and never comes near the Lady Deep. Come on." ■



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Young Sports Photographer

(Continued from page 31)

back, bursts into the end zone, a few yards from me. I stand up and keep Carroll in my lens and wait for the ball.

There it is! A brown blur bursts into my lens and I press the lever—once twice, three times. Then Carroll's hands latch onto the ball, and I click the shutter again. Nobody is near him —I can see through my lens—and the Packers have scored a touchdown.

Up in the stands, the fans are going crazy. In the old, late afternoon, their noise is like an avalanche, a glacier moving down the field. The noise is overwhelming.

Deep inside me, I want to cheer too. These guys are my heroes. Ever since I was a little boy, I've rooted for the Packers. But now I've got no time to cheer. I'm a photographer, a professional. None of the other photographers is rooting. They're too busy running around snapping pictures.

I look out of the corner of my eye to locate my father. I see him dashing toward the Packer bench. My father moves pretty fast for an old man. (That's what I tell him when I want to tease him.) He's getting a good shot of the Packer coach, Mr. Phil Bengtson, laughing and waving in front of the bench. There's no sense in my duplicating my father's effort. I know he'll get some good pictures near the bench. I've got to get something different. I turn around, focus on the cheering, laughing fans just above me, and I click away.

Now we kick the extra point and go ahead by three points. I look at the scoreboard clock. There's 57 seconds left, but I know that's plenty of time for the visitors to put on a good drive, to threaten the Packers. Nothing is ever easy in the tough National Football League. The teams are all so good.

I was right. The visitors mount a drive on passes, reaching midfield on two quick passes to the sideline. One good "bomb" could beat us now, and I suck in my breath as I watch their quarterback drop back to pass. But Willie Wood, the ace defensive back of the Packers, knocks down the pass on the ten-yard line.

Then comes the sweetest sound of all—the gun, held by an official—meaning the game is over and the Packers win.

But the excitement isn't over yet. The Packers grab their green-and-gold parkas from the bench and they run as fast as they can toward the clubhouse in Lambeau Stadium. They know the fans are swarming down on the field to congratulate them. But they have been out-of-doors for two and a half hours. They appreciate the fans, but right now it seems like a very good idea to get warm in the clubhouse.

So they make a break for it, crunching toward the clubhouse, as the guards hold the fans back.

I am standing in the runway as the Packers burst by. I squeeze into the wall. I hold my breath and grasp my cameras tightly, so nobody will crash into them. There is just enough room for these giants to pass by me. They are breathing hard, laughing, shouting a few of them crying real tears of joy.

Finally they are all in the clubhouse, followed by Mr. Bengtson. The door slams behind them. Many reporters are now standing in the runway with me, waiting to get their interviews so they can write their stories. But the team will hold a brief meeting first. The players of different religious faiths will say a short prayer of thanksgiving for not being hurt. They don't give thanks for winning. In fact, they say a prayer after a loss too. Then the coaches make a short speech. Finally the doors open.

We show our special passes to the guard as we barge in, reporters and photographers shoving each other just like football players on the line of scrimmage.

The clubhouse is warm. It seems like a steamroom after the icebox of outdoors. The players are pulling off their equipment now. Their first joyous reaction is over. The Packers have won so many games in the past, they don't get too excited over any victory. They expect to win. Maybe that's why they win.

Most of the players are walking around in their shorts now. They are big men with huge muscles. Some of the linemen are twice as big as I am—not fat exactly, just huge. Many of the linemen, like Henry Jordan or Forrest Gregg, have blood dripping down from the bridge of their noses, from their hands, from their forearms.

Bart Starr, looking tired and drawn, is slumped on a stool in front of his locker. I know Bart pretty well. He's been to our house a few times. I walk over to his locker.

"Nice game, Bart," I say. "That was a great pass to Carroll."

"Thanks, John," he says. "But Carroll deserves all the credit. I threw it behind him and he reached back to catch it. He made a great play."

Up close, I see circles around Bart's eyes. He works very hard on Sunday. I hold up my camera; Bart never complains when you take pictures of him. Some guys are funny after a game. They think they should look like movie stars and they don't want you to take a picture of them when they're tired or dirty. But Bart doesn't mind. He's too tired to smile. He just stares into my camera, and I click a few pictures.

"Thanks, Bart," I say.

"Any time," he answers. Then the reporters burst out of Mr. Bengtson's office and look for Bart. They always interview him, win or lose. That's the way it is with quarterbacks. I move out of the way to make room for the reporters. I know Bart is tired, and he'd rather not talk about the game until he's had a chance to look at the movies of the game, but he has almost total recall of every play, so he sits and talks until the last question has been answered.

Bart has had a tough day being chased by ferocious defensive linemen, reading the defenses, calling signals, throwing the ball, running on and off the field. But he's always a gentleman, a star in every way.

I chat with a few other players, take a few more pictures. Then my father says to me, "Well, John, what do you think? I guess the traffic has cleared by now."

We've still got an hour and a half of hard driving in the cold night before we get home to Port Washington, Wis., which is south of Green Bay and about 30 miles north of Milwaukee.

We know we'll be spending the rest of the evening developing our pictures. We've got to ship them all over the country tomorrow morning to satisfy all the magazines and newspapers that pay us for our pictures. My father and I will not get to sleep until around three in the morning. Then he's got to get up early to open the family five-and-ten store, and I've got to get up early to get to high school. On Sundays I may be the photographer for the glamorous Green Bay Packers. But on Monday morning I'm just another student at Port Washington High.

"I guess we'd better get going," I say. "I'm eager to see how that touchdown looks on film."

So we get in our car and begin driving south. It's been a long day, but Sundays in the fall are my favorite days in the year. Very few people have a job as interesting as mine—at least, that's how I feel. I really think I'm lucky to be the 17-year-old photog-



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rapher who covers the Green Bay Packers.

It's pretty unusual for a 17-year-old to have such a good start in a competitive business like photography. I wouldn't be telling the truth if I said I did it on my own. If it hadn't been for my father, I'd probably be like every other guy in Wisconsin—sitting in front of my television set on Sundays, wondering how I might get my hands on a ticket to a Packer game. I'd also have some pretty serious questions about what career I should get into. But now I know. And it was my father who opened the door. He was the one who set the groundwork for me. He's still the boss—and master photographer.

Dad's name is Vernon Joseph Biever. The name "Biever" is Freneh. His family had settled in Wisconsin before he was born and he grew up in the small town of Port Washington, where we have always lived.

My father had fooled around with a camera in high school, and he took his camera with him to college. He used to wander over to the football field and take pictures of the Packers, at their summer practice. Even in those days the Packers were one of the greatest teams in pro football, so it was a thrill for a young man to be able to photograph them.

Nowadays you couldn't just walk into practice and take pictures. People would suspect you of being a spy for the Chicago Bears or some other pro team. But things were more informal back then, so my father had a lot of fun.

Pretty soon Dad was trying to sell his pictures to the local newspapers, to make some extra money, which every young man in college needs. Eventually, he started driving to Green Bay for the Packer games. It was a very good idea. The Milwaukee papers like to send photographers for the games in Green Bay. But very often they didn't get the best pictures because the photographers had to leave in the middle of the game to rush back to Milwaukee to meet the deadlines.

So Dad suggested that he cover the Packer games in Green Bay for the Milwaukee papers. They told him to go ahead and try.

After each game he'd rush down to the railroad station and put his package on the night train to Milwaukee. Somebody from the paper would meet the train late that night in Milwaukee and rush the negatives over to the paper. The next day Dad would buy a copy of the paper and look for his pictures. They'd pay him a few dollars per picture, and that's how he got his start.

When my father started, he had to make it on his own. Photography was just a hobby which he built into a side business. I've just followed after him. Only for me it's not going to be a side business.

One thing I know: Photography is becoming more and more important to me. I don't want to be a photographer so I can attend some exciting sports event. I want to contribute to the event in my own way, by taking pictures that show other people what really happened. I find I can do things with a camera. I can capture a view of life that I never could have expressed in words.

I remember one beautiful morning when I was hanging around the house without much to do. My brother Jim came bursting into the house.

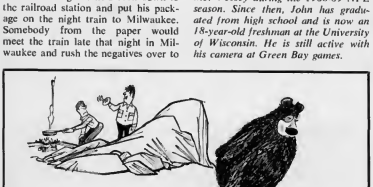
"A blackbird, a blackbird," he shouted. "I just found a blackbird on the back lawn. It can't fly. I think it's got a broken wing."

Well, the first thing most people would think about would be taking care of that poor little bird. But for a photographer it's a little different. Sure, I wanted to help the blackbird, but my first thought was: This will make a great pieture.

Sometimes I say to myself, "I want to be a great photographer. I want to live in many cities, in many countries where strange languages are spoken and the sights are different from what I am used to seeing. I want to photograph the differences and the similarities of life. I want to be very good at what I am doing. I want to make a lot of money. I wouldn't mind being famous."

I have a lot to think about as my time in high school draws to a close, as other decisions draw close to me. Whatever I decide, I know I'm lucky to be me. I think about my family and my home in Port Washington and my wonderful experience with the Green Bay Packers, and I know I could not have had a better start in life than the one I have had. Now it is up to me. ■

Ed Note: John Biever spoke with author Vecsey during the 1968-69 NFL season. Since then, John has graduated from high school and is now an 18-year-old freshman at the University of Wisconsin. He is still active with his camera at Green Bay games.



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The Big Green Bentley

(Continued from page 27)

a quick-acting lever flips it open; the oil tank and gasoline tank have the same system, to hold pit-stop time to a minimum during races. Louvres, big enough to see the engine through them, slit the top and both sides of the hood, or, as the British call it, the bonnet. Just behind the hood the body proper begins. It isn't shiny, it has a matt finish, and no wonder—it's not metal but fabric, a strong cloth stretched over a light wood frame. This kind of bodywork was called Weymann, after the man who invented it. It was very light, which is important in racing, of course, and never squeaked or rattled. The car was a four-passenger touring car and was raced with the top folded and a chromium cover stretched over the back-seats. Behind is the huge gas tank, squared off, hung out in the open; it too is covered with wire mesh to protect it against flying stones.

In an early race, a stone had knocked a hole in a Bentley gas tank, and emptied it. The driver ran back to the pits, a long way, borrowed two containers of gas, a bicycle and some chewing gum. He tied together the containers, slung them around his neck, put the gum in his mouth, got on the bike and peddled madly to his car, being nearly run over by flying race cars half a dozen times. He patched the tank with the gum, threw in the gasoline and drove triumphantly back to the pits, where the tank was repaired, and the car went back into the race. But after that, the tanks were always covered with stone guards.

Sitting behind the wheel, the "Blower Bentley" driver looks over a windshield folded down flat; a small "aeroscreen" will, possibly, keep wind and bugs out of his face. The steering wheel is not the toy-like device found in most cars today; it has four thick spokes, it looks to be about a foot and a half in diameter, and the rim is tightly wound in heavy cord for maximum grip. A total of 11 instruments are set into the polished aluminum dashboard ("fascia panel" in England), the dominant ones a matched speedometer and tachometer side by side, each about six inches across. The big white hand on the Blower Bentley speedometer would show 105 miles an hour, but for all its speed, it wasn't as reliable car, basically because the huge blower stuffed gasoline and air into the cylinders in such gigantic amounts that the crankshaft bearings couldn't take the pressures that resulted when the spark plugs exploded it.

The Blower Bentleys really used gasoline: one gallon every 51 seconds when they were running flat out. Sir Tim Birkin did have a great triumph in 1930; to the astonishment of everyone, he took second place in the French Grand Prix of that year, his huge, gas-eating two-ton touring car beating light, superpowered single-seat racing machines.

WALTER OWEN BENTLEY was his full name, but everyone called him "W.O." He was—is—a small, neat, quiet man, deceptively strong. His first interest in things mechanical entered on trains: he did a five-year apprenticeship in the locomotive shops of the Great Northern Railway. (People used to say, afterward, when he was making his cars so big and bulky, that he was really trying to make locomotives.) In those days, a British apprentice learned from the ground up, and Bentley was a fireman on big passenger-train locomotives, learning to balance himself on the rattling steel floor, to throw a big shovelful of coal into the far corner of the firebox—and another and another. A big engine on a fast run would eat a ton of coal in no time. In winter, a fireman was always cold on one side and hot on the other, but Bentley was tough, and he enjoyed it. He learned all the tricks, such as how to scrub the coal dust off a shovel and cook supper on it.

During the First World War Bentley designed airplane engines, notably the very successful Bentley Rotary Engine. (In a rotary engine, the crankshaft is stationary, the propeller is fastened to the crankcase of the engine, which spins—cylinders, spark plugs and all.) The Bentley Rotary Engines, Marks 1 and II, were advanced types, and the British Government ordered about 30,000 of them. Had Bentley been a civilian, he'd have come out of the war a rich man, but he was in the Navy, and that was that.

When the Armistice was signed in 1918, Bentley decided he'd get into the automobile business. He had some experience: Before the war he had had the British agency for a little-known French car, the *Doriet Flandrin et Parant*, and although it was only a touring car, and not a very powerful one at that, he had modified the engine so effectively that he won sports-car races driving a D.F.P.—much to the surprise of its French makers. So, in 1919, with next to no money, W. O. Bentley set himself up in business, and he had a car ready in time for the famous Olympia auto show in London in the autumn of that year. This was the Bentley 3-Liter. People liked it and ordered it, even though they couldn't get delivery until 1921. After all, there was only the one car in existence, and Bentley had no showroom and no factory.

The 3-Liter was named, like so many European cars, for the capacity of the engine in liters (one liter equals 61 cubic inches). It was the most successful of all W.O.'s cars, and made in the greatest number: 1,639 in all. Bentley was determined that his car would be, first and above all, a quality product, the best he knew how to make. It is remembered now as a competition car, but Bentley had no such ambition for it; he wanted only to make a fine touring car. And that he did. The Bentley was very safe and faster than most other cars. And, by the standards of the time, it was remarkably easy to drive. It steered easily, for example, and the driver didn't have to have a weight-lifter's leg muscles to work the pedals. In the 1920s and 1930s in England (it's still true today, in lesser degree) drivers thought of themselves as people of separate and special skills, and they expected to work hard behind the wheel. The Bentley 3-Liter showed that it wasn't necessary.

It was a fine car and, of course, it couldn't be cheap. The bare chassis cost about $5,100, and the body was extra. Most luxury-car makers of the day delivered only a chassis to the buyer, who took it to a custom coach-builder for a body. When Bentley began, there were more than 50 firms of coach-makers in England, each one capable of building any kind of body and including in it whatever special feature the customer wanted: a complete picnic set for four people, a concealed strongbox for carrying valuables, a board for canes and umbrellas—anything at all.

The power and speed of the Bentley 3-Liter, when it was carrying regular four-passenger coachwork, suggested that it might be a successful racing car, given a light body. Oddly enough, the first race in which a Bentley ran was Indianapolis; a single car, driven by W.D. Hawkes, was entered in the 1922 500-Mile Race. It was a standard passenger car with a special racing body. It had a top speed of 101 miles an hour, and everyone knew it couldn't win. It ran very well, finished a respectable 13th, at an average of 80 mph. A Miller-Bentley won, at 94. In the same year the factory ran a team of cars in the Tourist Trophy race on the Isle of Man and came in second, fourth and fifth. The next year, 1913, a single Bentley ran in the 24-Hour Race at Le Mans, France, and began an epic accomplishment, one of the great stories of all motor racing.

That was the first year Le Mans was run, 1923 (it's now the world's premiere race) and it wasn't W. O. Bentley's idea to enter; it was his London dealer, John F. Duff, who thought of it and asked the factory to sell him a car and lend him a mechanic. His co-driver was F. C. Clement, of Bentley's staff, who had run second in the Tourist Trophy race. Rain fell in torrents after dark as stone thrown by another car smashed one of the Bentley's headlights. Running all night on one lamp, the Bentley was in second place at daybreak and by early morning was leading when a stone thrown by one of its own wheels holed the gas tank. It was Clement who fixed it with chewing gum and brought it back to the pits, but so much time was lost there in patching the tank—with cork and soap—that the car finished in a three-way tie for fourth place.

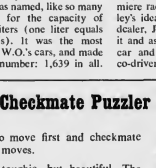
Duff and Clement went to France again in 1924, and this time they won, an incredible distance ahead of the second-place car, more than 90 miles. But it was still a squeaker, a most dramatic finish, because under the complicated Le Mans rules much of the Bentley's lead wasn't counted (officially they car finished only one lap to the good), and a sickening amount of time had been lost in the pits. At one point, the gearbox was jammed by a coach-builder's staple that had fallen into it; fishing out the thing took 40 minutes. The shock absorbers all broke, making the car hard to handle, and the windshield came off, frame and all. But the Bentley won, and by nightfall the name was known in Europe, a great name, like Bugatti and Sunbeam and Mercedes.

For Le Mans, 1925, the organizers had a brand-new way to start a race: The cars were parked diagonally in front of the pits; when the flag fell the drivers, from marked places across the track, sprinted to them, put up the folding tops, jumped in and roared away. Le Mans still starts that way except that now, of course, there are no folding tops to put up.

Bentley officially entered two cars from the works, or factory. They were heavy favorites to win over the rival big cars of the Sunbeam-Bernard-Walcker and Lorraine-Dietrick teams, but they did nothing of the kind: One ran out of gas because someone's arithmatic had been wrong, the second had a fuel line break and had caught fire. When W.O. Bentley got back to London he had a stockholder's rebellion on his hands. The people who had put up the money to finance his company thought racing a ludicrous waste of time and money—unless the cars won, of course. And despite the fame it had won the year before, the Bentley 3-Liter wasn't selling terribly well. For one thing, its engine wasn't as big as the fashion of the day dictated. So Bentley decided to make a bigger car, with a 4¼-liter engine. He made just one engine, concealed it in a strange-looking body that looked nothing at all like a Bentley—they called it a "Sun"—and took it to France for testing.

The new car ran very well, and W.O. and his crew were happy with it, until, on the way back to the Channel and the ferryboat for England, they found themselves going very fast on one branch of a Y road, and saw another strange-looking big car on the other branch, also going fast. The two cars came into the junction

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together and side by side; neither driver would slow down and let the other ahead, and so they screamed down the two-lane road together, side by side, as fast as they could go. They reeognized each other; one car was full of Rolls-Royce people, the other full of Bentley people; each car was disguised, but these were all professionals, and nobody was fooled. The other car was the new Phantom I Rolls-Royce. Fortunately, the Rolls-Royce's driver lost his hat and stopped to pick it up, before anything came down the road going the other way.

By the time he had reached the ferry, W.O. Bentley had decided that, if a 4½-liter engine wasn't big enough to leave the new Rolls-Royce, he would have to make a bigger one. So the new Bentley came out with a 6½-liter engine under the big bonnet. It was both quiet and fast, even carrying a big limousine body. But it was expensive, too, around £2,250 ($11,250), and W.O. Bentley found his financial position almost helpless. But with bankruptcy just ahead he, and the Bentley Company, were rescued in the last minute, by a young man named Woolf Barnato. "Babe Barnato—he was rarely called anything else—was a millionaire whose father had been a major owner of the Kimberly diamond mines. He liked to drive, he liked Bentley automobiles, and he had financial experts and business managers who knew all about money. Barnato told them to pump some into the Bentley coffers.

In 1926 three Lorraine-Dietrick cars won Le Mans, the three Bentleys all dropping out with mechanical trouble. Next year the factory brought three cars, two 3-Liters and a new 4½-Liter. They looked unbeatable, taking the lead almost immediately, and running one, two, three. And then, just after dusk—catastrophe. At a mild bend called White House Corner the driver of a French car had lost control and stalled crosswise on the road. The leading Bentley, the 4½-Liter, came into the corner at about 90 miles an hour. Leslie Callingham, at the wheel, managed to miss the French car, but went into the ditch, rolled the car and blocked half the road 20 yards farther down. The second Bentley, George Duller up, came in at 85 or so, missed the French car but hit the Bentley. The driver of the third Bentley, the famous journalist S.C.H. Davis, said afterward that he had a split-second's warning; he thought there was more dirt and gravel on the road than there should be, and he sensed something wrong with the light pattern ahead (head lamps pointing off the road). He had slowed, perhaps to 70, before he bored into the pile of debris ahead of him. He crashed into the tail of the first Bentley, the one half-blocking the road, bounced off and stopped. He had broken a wheel, mudguard, right-hand head lamp, running board and battery box, and had a bent frame, bent front axle, and cracked steering-arm ball joint. But the engine started, and he drove off as a fifth car smashed into the wreck at White House Corner. He stopped at the pit, changed the broken wheel and went on.

The steering felt most peculiar, and although no one knew until the next day that the ball joint was cracked, Davis was sure something was wrong —and dangerous. The brakes were bad but workable. Right-hand corners were terrifying because there was no light on that side. But Davis drove until midnight, keeping the car well up in second place, but still six laps behind the leader, an Aries.

Davis's co-driver a Dr. Benjafield, did not like race-driving at night even in the best of circumstances, but he jumped into the car and charged out onto the circuit with one headlight. Rain poured down, but he kept his foot flat on the gas pedal and continously gained on the Aries. By 11 o'clock next morning, with Davis back in the car, the Bentley had gained two full laps. At this point W.O. Bentley thought he heard a strange and slightly unhealthy sound in the Aries engine. He ordered the "FASTER" sign held out for Benjafield, who had just taken over from Davis for the last stretch. Even though he half expected the steering gear to let go at any moment, Benjafield went faster and faster; the Aries pit, seeing him gain ground, hung out a "FASTER" sign for their driver, Chassagne.

Now everyone could hear the laboring of the Aries engine; it stopped out on the circuit, started again, stopped. The Bentley swept into the lead, and when it came down the pit straight, a rolling wreck, the thousands of French spectators, forgetting how badly they wanted the Aries to win, screamed one of the greatest ovations Le Mans has ever heard. Just before the end, with victory certain unless the Bentley collapsed, Benjafield generously pulled into the pits and turned the car over to Davis, so that he could be at the wheel when it won, in recognition of his skill in getting it through White House Corner.

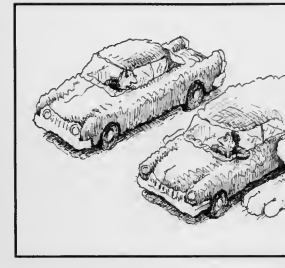
That Bentley, "Old Number Seven," was the only automobile ever to be guest of honor at a banquet in London's famous Hotel Savoy. Lobby doors were taken down and skids set up on a carpeted stairway to bring it in for a victory dinner. Toasts were drunk to it, and in reply the engine was started, and roared mightily.

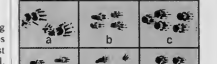
If any car ought to be in a museum, Old Number Seven ought to be, but, unhappily, it was sold, re-bodied and, some years later, totally wrecked against a telephone pole.

The Bentleys won Le Mans again in 1928, and in 1929 (first, second, third, fourth that year) and in 1930, too; but 1927 will always be the great year, the one to remember.

By 1930 the whole world was sinking into a terrible economic depression. Companies that made necessities of life were in trouble, and those that made luxuries, like $11,000 automobiles, were in desperate trouble. W.O. Bentley had made new and brilliant designs, the 4½ Liter cars, the Speed Six models, the great 8 Liter, but it was too late and the time was wrong. Even Woolf Barnato, who won the 1930 Le Mans in a six-cylinder Bentley, had to stop pouring in money. The company was put up for auction and Rolls-Royce bought it. The name has been kept in being, but the Rolls-Bentley cars have never had any resemblance to the big, hairy Bentley-Bentleys, and for some years now Rolls-Royce and Bentley cars have been identical except for their radiators.

W.O. Bentley built 3,011 automobiles in four basic models, distinguished, among other ways, by the color of the enamel—red, black, green, blue—in which the big "B" was set on their radiator badges (called "labels" by Bentley-fanciers, for some reason). In their own time they were famed as gentlemen's carriages of the first rank (Bentleys were much favored by younger members of the Royal Family) and as race cars and record-breakers; the 4½-Liter once held 17 international records and two world records. Today they are among the most valuable of collectors' cars, and W.O. Bentley has been fortunate enough to live to see all this come to pass. Amusingly, one of the most valuable Bentley models today is one W.O. disliked intensely: the Blower Bentley. Bentley argued that the 4½-Liter was simply not meant to be supercharged, and he allowed 54 of them to be built only at the insistence of Sir Henry Birkin, winner of many races in Bentleys, who was convinced they would be world beaters. Not many of the blown cars survive. Probably the best one in this country belongs to the retired racing driver Phil Hill, 1961 world champion. ■

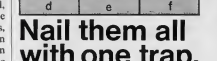




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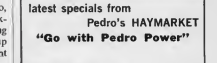
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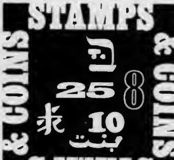
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MERIT BADGES. During 1968 thousands of Scouts and Explorers earned the merit badge in Stamp Collecting, bringing the total since the badge was established to 249,968. In the same year the Coin Collecting merit badge total rose to 167,889.

WATCH YOUR LANGUAGE. A numismatist does not usually refer to the "front" of a coin, but rather to its face, or obverse. The other side of the coin is its "reverse." This is not just a matter of being able to speak the language of the "in" group. Collectors use these terms because of their specific, exact meaning.

Take the word "denomination," for instance. Tell me the denomination of a coin and I'll know whether it's a penny, a nickel, or a dime. How else could you tell me in one word? When you find a term you don't understand be sure to find out exactly what it means. When you discuss coins you'll communicate more effectively and more satisfactorily when you watch your language.

EQUATORIAL GUINEA. Last October the Republic of Equatorial Guinea was formed by the union of the Spanish provinces of Fernando Po and Rio Muni, located in the curve of the west African coast near Nigeria. Three stamps were issued to mark this union. The new republic became the 126th member of the United Nations on Nov. 14, 1968. (Don't confuse this new nation with the Republic of Guinea in West Africa, which became an independent republic in 1958.)

RELIGION ON STAMPS. The collecting of stamps related to religion has become an increasingly popular topical field. Christmas issues each year provide many varieties. Nepal, an Asiatic kingdom in the Himalaya mountains between India and Tibet, recently issued a stamp showing the god, Buddha; France pictured Joan of Arc, martyr and military heroine; Ceylon had a stamp commemorating the 1,400th anniversary of the Koran, the sacred text of the Islam religion; Austria issued a stamp to note the 100th anniversary of the composition of "Silent Night" by Franz Gruber and Joseph Mohr.

MORE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON. The British Virgin Islands, a colony in the West Indies southeast of Puerto Rico, has added four stamps to those recognizing the 75th anniversary of the death of Robert Louis Stevenson. They picture characters and scenes from *Treasure Island*, Long John Silver and Jim Hawkins, Jim's escape from the pirates, the treasure trove and the fight with Israel Hands. The stamps are in denominations of four cents, ten cents, 40 cents and one dollar, respectively.

SWITZERLAND PRO PATRIA. The Pro Patria (for country) set of stamps issued annually by Switzerland is especially attractive this year. Pictured are stained glass windows.

ART BY YOUNGSTERS. Several readers have asked about the possibility of artwork by amateurs being used on U.S. stamps. Many countries have been using such artwork. Not too long ago, in a nationwide competition, the design offered by Ronald Dias, age 19, of Roosevelt High School, Lanikai, Oahu, Hawaii, was selected for the Children of the World stamp. The issue carried the wording, "Friendship—the Key to World Peace."

FOLKLORE ON STAMPS. Literature, fairy tales and folklore have been depicted on stamps of various countries. Bulgaria pictured Tom Thumb; Germany depicted Cinderella and the Prince on horseback, with another stamp showing them riding in a coach. Hungarian stamps pictured "The Miller, the Son and Their Donkey," "The Fox and the Raven," "Puss in Boots," "The Maple Wood Pipe" and others. Luxembourg issued a set portraying such stories as "The Black Gentleman of Vianden." A set of German stamps told the story of Sleeping Beauty.

BRITISH STAMPS. In the past, British stamps have been confined in large part to picturing royalty. Now people are suggesting that such outstanding British scientists as Sir Isaac Newton, Michael Faraday, Henry Cavendish and Lord Rutherford be honored on stamps. It's also being pointed out that although at least 105 different countries have issued stamps picturing locomotives and trains, Britain—where the locomotive originated—has never done so.

—WALTER G. MAC PEEK



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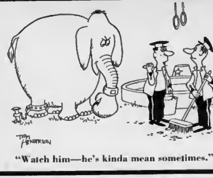
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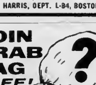


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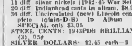
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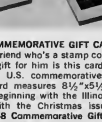
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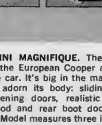
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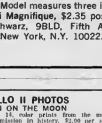
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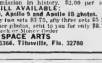
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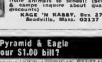


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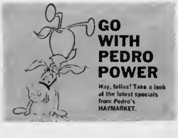
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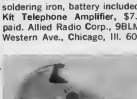
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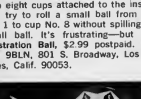




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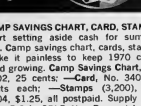


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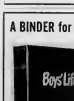
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Slide of the Month — By WHITTLIN' JIM



CREE TOBOGGAN SLIDE

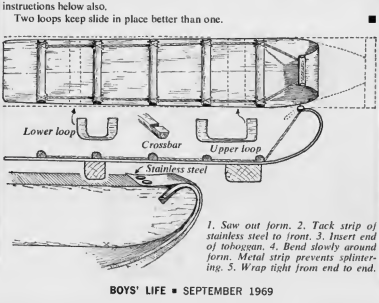
Here's one for you model makers to show how good you are.

I made this entirely out of white pine, but I think a splint from a bushel basket, sanded down, would do the trick also.

The blank for the toboggan is shown by the outer dotted lines and the trimming to finish is done after it is taken off the form. Cut form as shown.

Boiling and shaping the curve is easy. Let it dry thoroughly before removing from form. Trim to inner dotted lines. Cut crossbars and, starting from the front end, glue them in place with the cord in the nock of the crossbars. See the instructions below also.

Two loops keep slide in place better than one. ■



1. Saw out form. 2. Tack strip of stainless steel to front. 3. Insert end of toboggan. 4. Bend slowly around form. Metal strip prevents splintering. 5. Wrap tight from end to end.

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PRINKS & GRIN



A wise man said, "Winning is not everything, but losing is nothing."—*Kregg Hood, Lisle, Ill.*

Teachers seem to think that the length of a test is like the length of a dress—both should cover the subject thoroughly.—Alfred Fant, Jr., Austin, Tex.

Daffynishion: Naval reserve—Spare belly button.—*Martin Sinclair, Tonopah, Nev.*

Did you know that Columbus actually started out with 12 ships? Nine of them fell off the edge of the Earth.—P. Wardwell, Brooklyn, N.Y.

I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances,



I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl friend brings to dances.
—*M. Leenhouts, Brookfield, Wis.*

My teacher loves me,
She thinks I'm dear,
She's kept me for
The fourth straight year.—Cliff Pachal, Chattanooga, Tenn.

An elevator operator had a rather heetic day. His patience was strained. "What would happen if the cables broke? Would we go up or down?" a little old lady asked. "That, madam," the operator sighed, "would depend entirely on the kind of life you've led."—*Mattie Opat, Lime Springs, Iowa.*

Eddie: I know a guy who took car parts off ten cars and put them all together.
Al: What did he get?
Eddie: Twenty years!—Randy Erdman, Bridgeton, N.C.

Census taker: Your name, please?
Housewife: Matilda Brown.
Census taker: Your age?
Housewife: Have the Hill sisters next door given you their age yet?
Census taker: No, ma'am.
Housewife: Well, then, I'm the same age as they are.
Census taker: OK, I'll put down, "Matilda Brown—old as the Hills."
—*Dirk Pellett, Newton, Iowa.*

Pedro: What's the difference between a donkey and a postage stamp?
Pablo: You lick a donkey with a stick and stick a stamp with a lick.
—Julie Brandt, Waverly, Pa.

Melvin: What do you get when you cross an elephant with a jar of peanut butter?
Rufus: Either a jar of peanut butter that never forgets or an elephant that sticks to the roof of your mouth.—*Bob Rich, Port Clinton, Ohio.*

Wife: Please put the cord back in the plug.
Husband: You mean "socket," don't you?
Wife: No, I mean "plug."
Husband: It may be "plug" to you, but it's "socket" to me.—D. Himmer, Jr., Huntington, Md.

The barber was brand new and he was nicking his customer's face badly. Sensing that the customer was getting nervous, the barber asked, "Do you want someone else to finish?" "No," replied the gentleman, "but could you give me a razor too, so I could defend myself?"—*Hans Ingebretsen, Eureka, Calif.*

Child: And what did you do when your ship sank?
Storyteller: Oh, I grabbed a cake of soap and washed myself ashore.
—David Hughes, Candler, N.C.

Kildare: Why are you jumping up and down so fast?

Casey: I took some medicine and forgot to shake the bottle.—*Roy Crabtree, Commerce City, Colo.*

Zelda: Where do you keep your six goldfish?
Gretchen: In the bathtub.
Zelda: What do you do with them when you take a bath?
Gretchen: Blindfold them.—Rich Nonnie, Gresham, Oreg.

One old woodsman gives this as the best way to catch a porcupine: Watch for the slapping tail as you dash in and drop a large washtub



over the "porky." This will give you something to sit on as you plan your next move.—*S. Ward, Genoa, Wis.*

Policeman: Didn't you hear me whistling at you?
Woman driver: Sure, but I don't flirt while I'm driving.—John Barrett, East Grand Forks, Minn.

Chester: Do you know what Matt Dillon died of?
Kitty: I don't know. What?
Chester: Dodge fever.—*Bill Hodge, Tarboro, N.C.*

Barbie: Did you hear about the new doctor doll?
Ken: No, what about it?
Barbie: Wind it up and it operates on batteries.—Martin Barcus, Omaha, Nebr.

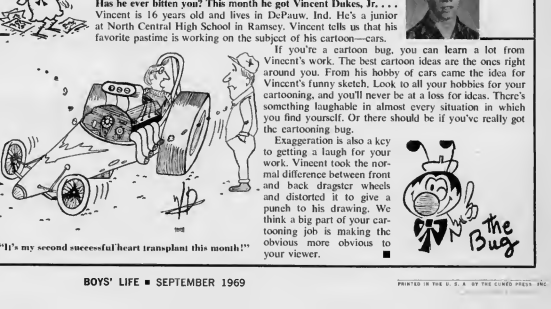
Doctor (after reviving victim of poisoning): How did you happen to swallow that stuff? Didn't you read the label on the bottle? It said "POISON."
Mike: Sure, I read it, but I didn't believe it.
Doc: Why not?
Mike: Cuz right underneath was the word "LYE."—*Terry Schafer, Uniontown, Ohio.*

Fred: Why did the boy think the moon was poor?
Red: Can't say that I know.
Fred: Because he heard that the moon was in its last quarter.—John Yeager, Highland, Calif.

Young son: Guess what, Dad? I had only one cavity.
Father: That's great, son. How did you do that?
Young son: I had only one tooth. —*R. Kiselik, Chattanooga, Tenn.*

Daffynishion: Dentist—Only person who gets paid for boring you.—Bill Buzzell, San Diego, Calif.

It has been proposed that every bowling-alley owner should sponsor an Explorer post. The motto of this project would be, "Get the boys off the streets and into the alleys."—*Dan Brown, Detroit, Mich.*



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